

FREE  
INSIDE

Two Full-Colour Cards Of The Mystery Trainer's Football Tips!

ADVENTURE, APRIL 11, 1959.

EVERY TUESDAY 3<sup>d</sup>

# Adventure

No. 1786—APRIL 11th, 1959.

## BLACK LIGHTNING



1—"It's now—or never!" gritted Second Lieutenant Bill Keene through clenched teeth. Below Bill, one of his men was held fast in the coils of a huge python! Every second, the snake's coils drew tighter as it crushed its victim. Using a creeper, the Lieutenant had climbed the tree from which the python hung. Suddenly the young British officer hurled himself down upon the deadly reptile.

2—Bill's twelve-stone body thudded into the snake and his arms grasped it firmly. The sudden shock, and the extra weight, broke the python's grip on the tree branch. Down to the floor of the jungle crashed the big snake and the two British soldiers. Now, the other members of Keene's patrol acted. Their jungle knives flashed, until the snake lay still.

(Continued on back page.)

Nightingale has taken up Channel swimming as a sport—just for a free feed!

# NIGHTINGALE NOBBS



## RECORDING SECRETS!

**HENRY LITTLEJOHN** and his Jazzeners were beating it out. They played a solid rhythm that made the fans want to jive for hours.

In the Roneo Recording Studios, the recording engineer in his soundproof room turned up a thumb. He grinned at the band in Studio One through the thick plate-glass observation panel of his control and mixing room.

Henry Littlejohn responded with a hot lick on his trumpet, then nodded to a youth in a soundproof box at the far end of the studio. The youth's mouth began to move.

A modern record can be a "mix" of sounds from several studios. Often, a singer records in a completely different place from the band. The singer wears headphones, and so does the bandleader.

The tall, elegant youth in the soundproof box moved his mouth. No doubt the lads of the Littlejohn band who looked over their heads were singing—but they were wrong!

Kevin Barry, the eighteen-year-old, handsome youth was rapidly rising to fame with his red-hot rock 'n' roll and ballad records. Actually Kevin could not sing a note!

In Studio Two, wearing ear-

phones, a squat little man sat in a leather armchair. His feet were on another chair, and a large family-sized steak and kidney pie in an enamel dish stood at his elbow.

The stocky little man was Nightingale Nobbs. Twenty-five years old, with twinkling eyes and a gigantic appetite, Nightingale was reckoned to be Britain's ugliest man.

His head was topped with a stubble of red hair. One of his ears was a superb specimen of the cauliflower type. His nose looked like a lump of roughly-handled Plasticine. There were only a few teeth left in his mouth, and, in addition, nearly every available inch of his five by five body was tattooed.

Nobbs was a wrestler, one of the best in Britain. Though small, he was tremendously strong, and had abnormally long arms. Now he was aiming for a fight for the heavy-weight wrestling title of Britain.

Nightingale was also a superb singer. He could handle any sort of number from rock and skiffle to ballads and sentimental love songs.

A crafty little concert promoter called Scott Lettis, had dreamed up the bright idea of using Kevin Barry, a tall, elegant youth from Liverpool, as a "front" for Nobbs.

While Nightingale did the singing in some quiet spot

far from the gaping crowd, Kevin went on stage and mimed in time to his squat and ugly partner.

So far, Scott Lettis had managed to keep the mimic trick very secret. Only a few essential people, like the chief recording engineer in the Roneo Studios, knew what was going on.

Now, as he heard the music zipping through his earphones, Nightingale laid down the knife and fork with which he had been mauling the pie, and launched into "Atlantic Rock."

Henry Littlejohn had his group going in real seaman-like fashion, as Nightingale sang through the song.

Littlejohn took off in a hot trumpet lick, and was followed by a trombone solo then by a hot Dixie chorus. Nightingale sang the third verse of the number, and the record bounced wildly to a rocking conclusion.

That's another winner Mister Lettis," the recording engineer remarked, to the small, worried-looking man beside him in the control room.

"Well, you blokes know what's what," shrugged Lettis. "Let's go with 'Ballad of the Channel Swimmer', then," declared the studio manager.

A few seconds later, the Littlejohn group was rapping out the opening chorus of the "Song of the Channel Swimmer." The tune was slow and dreamy, the complete opposite of "Atlantic Rock." Finally, Nightingale's voice joined in.

"She was a dainty mermaid and she stood just five feet tall."

I was a Channel swimmer with a passion for the crawl.

We met on a stormy crossing in the merry month of May.

And we fell in love together between Dover and Calais."

Kevin, miming merrily, grinned widely at the same time. He enjoyed the comic ballad very much.

"How are you doing, Swimmer? cooed the mermaid like a dove.

It's a long way back to Dover. Would you like to get a shove?

Maybe I could assist you if you hang on to my tail, If you wallow here much longer they'll harpoon you for a whale.

"Tell me, O lovely mermaid with your hair so long and gold,

Why do you live in the sea, Maid, and ain't it blooming cold?

I must live in the sea, man, I heard the mermaid wail,

I spent so much time in swimming that I grew this floppy tail!"

In Studio Two, Nightingale eyed what was left of his steak pie wistfully. The sight of the cooling food gave his voice the necessary sorrowful quality that made the song funnier.

"Once I had legs like you, man, and I worked at weaving wool,

But I spent each morn and evening in the Bradford swimming pool,

Now, in the English Channel, I spend each lonely day.

Dodging the blinking liners and watching the telly-fish play.

"I took her home in a basket and I kept her in the bath,

And I bless the day I grabbed her when she swam across my path.

Now I Channel swim no longer—I'm as happy as can be—

Except that, every evening, we have fish and chips for tea!"

The Song of the Channel Swimmer was on wax. Nightingale relaxed, dived at his pie, and was relieved to find it was still warm.

## MERMAID PUBLICITY.

"IT'S the ideal publicity stunt," declared Scott Lettis earnestly. "It's a sure-fire success idea."

"So you say, Lettis, old boy," agreed Kevin Barry coolly. "Isn't the record doing all right without stunts?"

"Any and every record can get a helping hand from a bit of stunting," asserted the little concert promoter. "If we go down to Dover, they're sure to play the Mermaid Ballad, and it'll be broadcast during the television programme of the big Channel race. Since it's a Eurovision hook-up, the song will be heard in every European country."

"Okay," drawled Kevin. "I'm sure Nobbsy will play ball, if you tell him there's a smart spot for black puddings in Dover."

Scott Lettis grinned feebly and went in search of the ugly

little man who was busily making a fortune, not only for himself, but for Barry and Lettis as well.

The concert promoter tracked the wrestler down in his hotel bedroom, doing exercises to strengthen his neck muscles.

"Here's the idea, Nightingale," Scott explained. "After the show tonight, we run down to Dover and see off the competitors in the cross-Channel swimming race. It's been arranged that we give every one a record of the Ballad of the Channel Swimmer, and a local beauty queen will dress up as a mermaid and be hauled around in a cart."

"Sounds dead corny to me, mate," replied Nightingale. "But I don't have any objections. When does the race start?"

"They leave at ten o'clock," Scott Lettis went on. "Your wrestling bout is scheduled for seven-thirty and your concert for eight-fifteen. If we leave Margate by nine, we should be in Dover long before ten."

"Nothing like a quiet night," chortled Nightingale rustily. "You sure keep me on the move, mate."

So began one of the most hectic evenings in the life of Britain's ugliest man!

Nobbs, Kevin, and Scott Lettis were in Margate. Nightingale had an unimportant fight against a local lad, a fight he had fixed just to keep fit.

For once, the wrestling had been arranged because there happened to be a concert engagement on the same night, a reversal of the usual process.

In the Ascot Cinema, Kevin was appearing to act as front for Nobbs in a half-hour song show arranged by the enterprising cinema manager as part of the film performance.

Later, the three would be piling into Kevin's sports car, a brilliant red VR 4, for a dash to Dover, where the great annual cross-Channel swim was due to start.

The evening started according to plan. Nightingale was first on the bill, and promptly at seven-thirty he entered the ring. As usual, his entry was a signal for pandemonium to break out.

The stunned audience viewed in silence the full-rigged ship tattooed on Nightingale's massive chest. They goggled at the mermaid and the sketch of Tower Bridge, London, on his back, and they blinked at the snake running down his right arm.

"This way for all the fun of the fair!" roared one geezer. "Tonight, the Tattooed Man. Next week—the Bearded Lady!"

"Who's that, mate?" asked Nightingale, looking down at the ringside seats. "You?"

The wag was needed as the people round about laughed. He glowered up at Nightingale.

Curly Clark came into the ring rather nervously. He was making his first appearance as

(Continued on next page.)

# TOP TIPS - 1, 2 AND FOUR X's

A GREAT COMPETITION FOR "ADVENTURE" READERS, SET BY

THE MYSTERY TRAINER

FIRST PRIZE

## THIS MAGNIFICENT BICYCLE

TRIUMPH PALM BEACH TOURIST MODEL complete with

★ Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear with Patent "Flick" Trigger Control. ★ Colliper Brokes. ★ Ton Spring Seat. ★ Colour—Flamboyant Royal Carmine or Electric Blue; White Peak Head. ★ Large Ton Kitbag; Tools; Polished Alloy Inflator; Reflector.



SECOND PRIZE



## 1-2-3-4-5 MATCH FOOTBALLS OF THE BEST MAKE

WIN ONE OF THESE SMASHING PRIZES IN THIS GRAND TEST OF SKILL AND FOOTBALL KNOWLEDGE WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form below is a list of the 16 Football Tips and Tricks featured on the splendid FREE cards being given this week, and FOR SEVEN WEEKS TO COME, with "ADVENTURE". The Mystery Trainer and The Editor of "Adventure" ask you to select from the 16 tips the one you think is best and mark it with a 1; the one you think second best and mark it with a 2; the next 4 best and mark each with an X. This

makes 6 selections in all. The specimen entry gives you the idea.

The best selections of 1, 2 and 4 X's as adjudged by the Mystery Trainer and The Editor of "Adventure" will be the winners of prizes.

There will be an entry form each week in "Adventure" for 8 weeks. You can have 4 tips on each entry form. Collect all 16 cards and study them before you make your choice.

### ADVENTURE TOP TIPS ENTRY FORM

	1	2	3	4
THE GLIDE TO THE SIDE				
GET YOUR BODY BEHIND THE BALL				
THE SECRET OF THE TACKLE				
GET THE HARD-SHOOTING HABIT				
THE SIDE-WAYS CROUCH				
USE YOUR HEAD AND WING IT				
DON'T PANIC—KEEP COOL AND PLACE IT				
THE FIRST-TIME CLEARANCE				
THE DIAGONAL PLAN FOR A SOUND DEFENCE				
THE KEY MAN AT NUMBER FIVE				
HOW TO GET THAT HIGH BALL				
CUT OUT HIS CUT-IN				
THE LEFT-RIGHT TRICK				
TAKING A PENALTY-KICK				
THE FREE-KICK AT GOAL				
SWAP TALL FOR SMALL AT A CORNER-KICK				

Cut out this entry form and keep it till you have all the cards given by "Adventure". You can't make your selection until you have all 16 cards.

Name .....  
Address .....

ADVENTURE No. 1

#### RULES.

Employees of Thomson-Leng publications, and their immediate relatives, cannot enter this competition.

No cards to be sent in—ONLY ENTRY FORMS.

The decision of The Mystery Trainer and The Editor of "Adventure" in all matters is to be final.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

OUR COMPANION PAPERS, "THE ROVER," "THE WIZARD" AND "THE HOTSPUR" ARE ALSO RUNNING COMPETITIONS. TRY THEM ALL!

## Over 1000 people claim to have seen the Loch Ness monster.

a professional, and he had heard things about Nightingale Nobbs that did not make him feel very happy.

However, when he saw the squat little man, nearly a foot shorter than himself, Curly felt happier. As for Nobbs, he saw at a glance that he had a rookie to deal with.

As a result, the Margate fans saw six rounds of excellent wrestling. Nightingale let the lad put all the holds he knew on him, then broke them with the greatest of ease.

In reply, Nobbs applied many counter-holds which baffled the novice. Every time, however, Nightingale's grip seemed to slacken, and Curly struggled clear.

"Hey, Nobbsy, it's after eight," bellowed Kevin at the

end of the sixth round. "Get a move on, mate."

"Sorry, Kev," grunted Nightingale. "I was enjoying myself. Right, I'll hurry it up." With that, he suddenly grabbed Curly by the left arm, whirled him round, upended him, and tied him up in a folding press. It took exactly eight seconds!

Of course, the round ended immediately, as rounds do when a fall is secured. When one of the wrestlers has both his shoulders pinned to the canvas for a count of three, it counts as a fall.

After a minute, the eighth round was announced, and Curly came out, arms outstretched. Nightingale grabbed his opponent's wrists, fell on his back, brought up his feet,

and pitched Curly right across the ring in a Flying Mare.

When the youngster rose, he was immediately upended and flattened to the canvas, where a rolling body scissors forced him to submit. The fight was over.

Nobbs wins by two falls to none, M.C., and as the crowd cheered a fine exhibition, Nobbs shook the young wrestler's hand.

"You'll come on, mate," he encouraged.

"I sure learned a lot tonight," replied the Margate lad ruefully. "Thanks for the lessons, Nightingale."

Nobbs was already through the ropes, however. Kevin flung a coat round his pal's shoulders and they raced to the VR 4.

### NOBBS—SWIMMER!

**AT the Ascot Cinema, the film was in its last minute, and the manager was biting his nails, when Kevin and Nightingale hustled in.**

Scott had prepared the stage for the performance, and a microphone was waiting for Nobbs in the wings.

For half an hour Nightingale sang merrily, while the cinema audience yelled for more.

Just before nine, the stage show came to an end. With the applause of the big audience still ringing in their ears, Nightingale, Kevin, and Scott Lettis hared for the VR 4.

"I hate travelling in this

death-trap," grumbled Scott.

Seconds later, he was hanging on to his hat as Kevin picked up speed on the coast road. Nightingale still wore his wrestling trunks with a coat thrown on top.

Suddenly, with everything well under control, the situation began to get out of hand. There was a bang, and the VR 4 slewed wildly across the road.

Kevin fought the slide straightened and stopped the car, then stepped out to see the trouble. One of the back tyres was flat.

"Puncture," commented

Nightingale. The wrestler bent down grabbed the back bumper of the sports car, and yanked the wheels clear of the road.

"Save time if we don't use a jack," he remarked casually, putting the back end down again. "Come on, Scott, get out for a bit. We gotta change a wheel."

Drivers of passing cars stared in astonishment a few minutes later. Kevin Barry was feverishly changing a wheel, while Nightingale Nobbs, legs wide apart, held the car up.

Though the VR 4 was not tremendously heavy, Nightingale's action showed what terrific strength he possessed. He had the car in the air for four minutes before the wheel-change was complete.

"Good for you, Nobbsy!" chortled Kevin as the car started up again. "I'll stand

## what's missing?



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mobile crane? Something that's really vital for

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Archer gear is a must. For Sturmeys-Archer gears

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Sturmeys-Archer make a whole range of 3-speed

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Make sure one is fitted to

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**no cycle  
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You're right—it's the hook that's missing

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# Koola Fruta

**COMPETITION**

**The lollies with the lovely flavours**

**—start this week!**

**HERE'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO:**

Colour the Koola Fruta lolly outline printed here. This week's flavour is **ORANGE**. Match your orange as closely as you can to the colour of a real Koola Fruta lolly as this will be considered in the judging. Buy an orange flavour Koola Fruta and get it just right. When you've coloured in the lolly cut it out and keep it in a safe place. You'll need this to complete your entry. **DON'T SEND IN ENTRIES YET.** Watch out for next week's edition for the next step in the treasure trail.

**BIG PRIZES**

Winners choose from:  
Bicycle, Everest Watch,  
Typewriter, Guitar, Transistor  
Radio, Self-Winding Watch,  
Portable Gramophone and  
Electric Racing Cars.

Buy Koola Fruta where you see this sign



you a dozen pies in Dover for that."

The three of them had been delayed by fifteen minutes, however. The car finally roared down to the beach from which the swimmers were due to set out with about five minutes to spare.

A worried-looking man rushed up to Scott Lettis. He had some sort of official badge in his lapel.

"Sorry I can't use your 'Channel Swimmer' record after all, Mister Lettis," he babbled. "We've lost the gramophone needle!"

"What?" howled Lettis and Kevin Barry in chorus. "It's a fact!" exclaimed the official. "We were using a pick-up with a special sapphire needle, and somehow it worked loose. Ordinary needles are no good."

"We'll sing the song straight, without accompaniment," rapped Lettis. "I need that publicity. You have a hand microphone and a length of cable?"

"Sure," nodded the official. "Well, run it under cover, and when Kevin Barry makes the presentations he'll sing the ballad on the platform."

Two minutes later, Nightingale was led to a tent and handed a microphone.

After that the publicity stunt went well. Kevin handed over the records, and mimed his number while Nightingale sang in the tent—still in his wrestling trunks and coat.

The Eurovision cameras and microphones sent the catchy ballad all over Europe.

Scott Lettis rubbed his hands as Kevin stepped down from the small platform. Eager though people were to see the start of the great cross-Channel race, they still found time to applaud.

In the tent, Nightingale laid down the microphone and stretched. Grinning, he picked up a pie from the pile that Kevin had bought for him.

At that point two men entered the tent. They stared at Nobbs.

"So you made it after all!" said one. "Well, you'll have to swim without grease—there isn't time for it. Your boat's number seven—seven, savvy?"

The man held up seven fingers, while Nightingale mumbled through his mouthful of pie.

"I don't savvy Turkish, mate," shrugged the man, grabbing Nightingale's arm. "But there's two gallons of soup on the boat, and enough grub to feed you from here to New York. Come on!"

Kevin Barry stood watching the start of the race on a television monitoring set. The crowd was so solid at the water's edge that he could not get close.

Suddenly the tall, elegant youth from Liverpool stared, gaped, and gasped. His eyes popped out like organ stops as the swimmers walked down to the beach.

"It appears that Abdul

Attaturk, the Istanbul champion, has turned up after all, folks," remarked the commentator. "See him there, at number seven. He's a startling sight, isn't he? He looks rather like the well-known all-in wrestler, Nightingale Nobbs."

As a gun boomed and the Channel-swimmers ran into the water to start their twenty-mile swim, Kevin ran forward, yelling hoarsely.

"Hey!" he bellowed. "That really is Nightingale Nobbs!"

## FLOATING RESTAURANT.

"WHAT are we going to do?" moaned Scott Lettis for the thousandth time.

"Hire a motor-boat and go after him, of course," snapped Kevin Barry. "He isn't greased, or anything. We know he can swim, but the Channel—that's different!"

"There's no need to do that," declared the official who had organised the presentation of the records and the broadcast of the ballad. "We'll radio the control boat and ask them to fish Nobbs out of the water and send him back."

"Great!" exclaimed Scott. "Maybe there's a publicity story in this somewhere!"

"Always thinking about money!" growled Kevin Barry. "What if Nobbs takes cramp and drowns?"

"He won't do that," another official pointed out. "He has two men following him in a boat. They'll see he doesn't drown."

Kevin looked a shade happier, though he was worried about his squat pal, and could not understand why Nobbs should be impersonating a Turkish swimmer.

Ten minutes later the official came back. He looked very unhappy as he faced Scott Lettis and Kevin Barry.

"Nobbs refuses to pack it up," he said gloomily. "How can he refuse?" demanded Kevin angrily.

"Says he's starved and means to finish," explained the official.

"As a matter of fact, when one of the men in the launch tried to pull him out of the water, Nightingale pulled the boatman in! They say they're going to leave him alone till he gives up."

"Get a boat and we'll go after him," snapped Kevin.

Nearly an hour passed before the boat was organised, however. Kevin, Scott Lettis, and a boatman headed out into the Channel.

The great swim had been going for nearly four hours before Kevin finally located Nightingale. Their boat came up behind official boat Number Seven.

"Where's the Nobbs?" yelled the tall Liverpool youth.

"Just ahead, and going strong," grinned one of the boatmen. "He's a real humdinger, this boy, even though he ain't a Turk!"

"How did it happen?" asked Kevin.

"Well," said one of the men, "just before the race, we went into Tent Seven to collect a rope, though we'd been told that our man wasn't swimming."

"We saw this guy there, hustled him down to the water, and just made the start."

"He never said a word we understood all the time. We thought he was the Turk till the control launch came back. Now he won't come out, and he's right, because he's going strong."

"Your fault, Lettis," accused Kevin. "You hid him in that tent to sing, and he's been mistaken for a swimmer. After all, he only had his wrestling trunks on remember."

"But why would he want to swim?" wailed Lettis feebly. "He could easily have said who he was, and explained why he was in the tent."

"Let's ask him," Kevin Barry suggested.

The boatmen nosed their launch closer to the official craft, and Kevin scrambled aboard. As he did so, a mighty voice rose out of the sea, just ahead.

"A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling sea,

With a can of kidney soup, and a stack of pies for me!"

Nightingale Nobbs was in full cry!

Kevin Barry scrambled up to the bow of the boat, and dimly made out the shape of his pal just ahead. Nightingale was lying on his back, apparently floating and having a whale of a time.

"Hey, Nobbsy!" roared Kevin above the singing.

"Hello, Kevin!" boomed Nobbs in his rusty voice. "Coo, this ain't half a lark. Never had so much fun for years!"

"What's the stunt, you old walrus?" demanded Kevin.

"Have you decided to emigrate, or something?"

"Listen, Kev," Nightingale replied from the water. "This Turk and I must be blood-brothers. He's got that boat sturft with grub. Two gallons of soup—one gallon kidney, one gallon tomato! Five dozen meat pies, four cold chickens, and a cold roast duck! Two hams and five large vacuum flasks of very strong Turkish coffee! Now—I ask you!"

Kevin laughed hysterically, scrambled back, and reported to Scott Lettis, tears of laughter running down his face.

"Nobbsy is swimming the Channel because he's got a floating restaurant behind him," Kevin announced. "He kidded the two men that he was the Turk. You'll never get him out of the drink till the last crumb is gone."

Gloomily, Scott Lettis settled down for a long, cold trip.

It would be pleasant to record that Nightingale won. In fact, he came eighth, last man to finish—but he finished, though seventeen others gave up.

"He could have won!" one of the boatmen kept saying, almost crying with disappointment. "He deliberately went slow."

"I told you," Kevin beamed. "Nobbsy had no intention of stepping ashore till the last splash of grub was swallowed. That's what he came for—the feed!"

Television cameras were already recording Nobbs' progress as he climbed ashore not far from Calais. Scott Lettis was getting a lot more publicity than he bargained for.

"So you're not Abdul Attaturk after all," observed one interviewer. "Well, Mister Nobbs, what are your plans now you're on French soil after eighteen hours in the Channel?"

"There's some talk about edible snails and frog's legs," stated Nightingale grinning. "I aim to get me a plateful."

Accompanied by his tall, elegant pal, the stocky wrestler strode away—towards a shop marked "Cafe".

A French thug is out for vengeance next week—and Nobbs is marked down as his victim!

The biggest 3<sup>rd</sup> treat of all!

**Palm** TOFFEE BARS

In six exciting flavours!

LASTS THE LONGEST—TASTES THE BEST

# SMILER'S PRIZE PAGE



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WALLET



Write your entry on a postcard, state the prize you prefer, and send it off to:—

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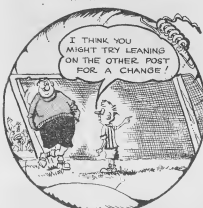
BOX OF  
TRICKS

Johnny—"I like this dog, but his legs are too short."

Shopkeeper—"What's the matter with them? They reach the floor don't they?"

—Box of Tricks to T. Blaylock, 3 Whitby Road, Loftus, Yorkshire.

★ ★ ★ ★



—Shoot Football Game to D. Ferguson, Park Gate, Victoria Drive, Troon, Ayrshire.

★ ★ ★ ★

Have you heard of a city being 2½ miles above sea level? There is one and it is La Paz, the capital of Bolivia. 200,000 people live in it and it has the reputation of being the highest capital in the world.

—Penknife to N. Myerson, 212 Queen's Drive, Waverley, Liverpool 15, Lancs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Teacher—"I must send a note to your mother and thank her for those four lovely apples she sent me."

Willy—"If it's all the same to you, I'd be glad if you would thank her for six!"

—Three-Colour Signalling Torch to T. Coupe, 6 Richmond Road, Towcester, Northants.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the beginning of this century, passengers travelling to and from India via the Suez Canal, who could afford the more comfortable cabins on the shady side of the boat, would be given cabins on the port side, going out, and starboard side coming home. These passages came to be known as "P.O.S.H."—Port out Starboard home—thus giving a new word to our language.

—Box of Tricks to A. Barr, Sawmill Cott, Fair-Bax, Uxley, Murrumbidgee, Ross-shire.

★ ★ ★ ★

What can you throw in a pond without getting wet?

Your shadow!

—Penknife to D. Craddock, 29 John Street, "Beech," Sowerby Bridge, near Halifax, Yorkshire.

★ ★ ★ ★

Stephen—"How many fish have you caught?"

Roger—"Oh, I can't count them."

Stephen—"But you haven't caught any yet."

Roger—"No, that's why I can't count them!"

—Three-Colour Signalling Torch to V. Squire, The Nest, Love Lane, Bickington, Newton Abbot, S. Devon.

Do you know that a pack of cards corresponds to the days, weeks &c. of the year. There are four seasons in the year and there are also four suits in the pack. There are fifty-two weeks which correspond to fifty-two cards in the pack, and if you count all the digits in the pack including the face cards as the value of 11, 12, 13 plus the joker as 1 you will get the total of 365, the number of days in the year.

—Three-Colour Signalling Torch to D. Gillan, 185 Rye Road, Glasgow, N.I.

★ ★ ★ ★

Joe—"What time is it, Jim?"

Jim—"Just a minute. I'll consult my wonder watch!"

Joe—"Why do you call it a wonder watch?"

Jim—"Because every time I look at it I wonder what time it is!"

—Three-Colour Signalling Torch to T. Taylor, "Glendeg," Tobermore Road, Magherafelt, Co. Derry.

★ ★ ★ ★



—Postal Order to P. Nargate, 164 Coolway Road, Wolverhampton.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tides are mainly caused by the force of gravity exerted by the moon and, to some extent, by the sun. Both try to draw the water of the oceans towards themselves. An additional cause is the centrifugal force set up by the rotation of the earth.

—Shoot Football Game to A. Jacob, 11 Ely Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

★ ★ ★ ★

Why is a colt like an egg?

Because it's no use until broken!

—Box of Tricks to M. Williams, 32 Cowley Hill Lane, St Helens, Lancs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Grocer—"Do we need any more new laid eggs?"

Assistant—"No, sir, we have enough in the storeroom to last for a month or so!"

—Box of Tricks to J. Stephens, 39 Carnforth Crescent, Grimsby, Lincs.

★ ★ ★ ★

If a fire won't light at all, try this simple hint. Place a piece of pumice stone in some paraffin until it soaks up the oil and its pores become filled with paraffin.

Then place it in the grate with the paper and wood, and the fire will light easily when the paper is lit.

—Postal Order to W. Shackleton, 53 Mathewson Road, Crawley, Sussex.

Tenant—"Sorry, I can't pay any rent this week."

Landlord—"What, again? You said the same thing last week."

Tenant—"Well, I kept my word, didn't I?"

—Postal Order to R. F. Ladbury, 27 Malvern Road, Headless Cross, Redditch, Worcestershire.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you wish to change a broken bottle into a drinking glass use the following method. Fill the bottle with waste oil to the desired level, then plunge a red-hot poker down into the oil. The bottle will break and you will have a tumbler with a neat, level rim.

—Three-Colour Signalling Torch to S. Genn, 14 New Lane, Middleton, Leeds, 11.

★ ★ ★ ★

When is a ship like a book?

When it's outword bound.

—Box of Tricks to P. Steele, 14 Balnagask Road, Torry, Aberdeen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Stranger—"Say, Sheriff, is it peaceful round these parts?"

Sheriff—"Why it's so peaceful round here we had to shoot a man to start a cemetery!"

—Wallet to E. Blackridge, 24 Berrylands Road, Moreton, Wirral, Cheshire.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fred and Bert had just received their pocket money and were discussing the different amounts.

"If you gave me one of your coins," declared Fred, "I'd have as many coins as you."

"That is so," replied Bert. "But if you gave me one of your coins I should have twice as many as you."

Can you work out how many coins they each had originally?

—Postal Order to T. Reed, 47 Woodland Road, Northfield, Birmingham 31.

★ ★ ★ ★



—Postal Order to B. Junor, Ward 18, Dundee Royal Infirmary, Dundee, Angus.

★ ★ ★ ★

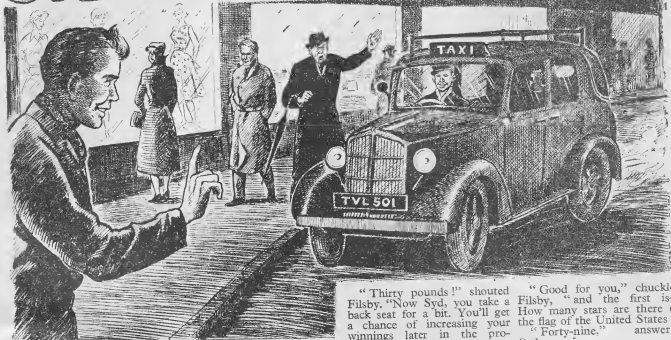
Schoolmaster—"Can anyone tell me the name of something with one horn that is very dangerous?"

Willie—"Yes, sir, a motor car!"

—Shoot Football Game to S. Waugh, 22 Motehill Road, Girvan, Ayrshire.

Why does the taxi driver pass a city gent to pick up Syd Sutton? A TV screen provides the answer!

# SYD THE QUIZ KID



## EASY MONEY.

**T**HE audience applauded as Syd Sutton, making his first appearance in the TV quiz programme, "Treble Your Money," walked briskly on to the stage.

His face had been seen on the TV screens before, and his appearance was known to many. He had unruly hair and a somewhat battered but cheery face.

It had become battered because he included boxing and rugby among his sports. Syd was the assistant porter at Cramphurst University College.

Originally, Syd had appeared on TV when he had become a last-minute replacement for a student suffering from severe stage fright. His cheery personality had come over well on TV, and Roland Benson, the producer, had managed to keep Syd in the college team despite the opposition of the college staff.

The quiz was taking place on a Thursday evening, and Syd had travelled to London especially for it. He had been coaxed into taking part after his success in the Cramphurst College TV quiz team.

Syd was greeted by friendly Fred Filby, the Quiz Master. The latter sported a mortarboard and gown for the programme.

Syd's grin broadened because the quiz master reminded him of Dr Booker, the principal of the college.

"Tell us a bit about yourself, Syd," requested Filby. "I expect everyone knows you've boxed for England and played rugger for Midshire, but what do you do for a living?"

"Most things from stoking

boilers to mending windows," chuckled Syd. "I'm the assistant porter at Cramphurst College."

"Are you a former pupil?" asked Filby.

"Lummy, no," replied Syd cheerfully. "I couldn't even pass my school examinations."

"Ditto," chuckled Filby, "but this time I have the answers. What subject are you going to pick? Art?"

"No, thanks," Syd retorted. "I'd soon have art failure."

The audience laughed loudly, and Filby, repeating the joke so that it would not be too subtle for any viewer, wished he had thought of it himself.

"Would you like to be asked questions about general knowledge?" queried Filby.

"Okay, I'll have a stab at that," decided Syd.

"Here's question, number one," began Filby. "Can you weigh anything on the Beaufort Scale?"

"Naw," chirped Syd. "That's something to do with the strength of the wind."

"Correct!" declared Filby. "Ten pounds!"

"Well, for fanning the dripping, that's the quickest tenner I've ever earned," gasped Syd.

"Question number two," Filby said. "What place is sometimes called the 'City of Dreaming Spires'?"

"Oxford," grinned Syd. "Twenty pounds!" boomed Filby, "but you lose it unless you answer the third question."

"Well, shoot then," urged Syd.

"Where are Kidderminster carpets made?" Filby asked. "You won't catch me with that one," laughed Syd.

"Kidderminster carpets are made in Yorkshire and Scotland."

"Thirty pounds!" shouted Filby. "Now Syd, you take a back seat for a bit. You'll get a chance of increasing your winnings later in the programme."

A little over a hundred miles away, Dr Booker was watching the programme on the TV set in his sitting-room.

When there was a tap on the door, he picked up a book about ancient Peru and opened it at a page. It was a member of the staff, Professor Skelton, who came in.

"Ah, you are keeping an eye on the television nonsense," the professor snapped. "Some of the students are wasting their time by watching in the common room. I regard it as a poor advertisement for Cramphurst."

"I agree that too much is made of his connection with the college," frowned Dr Booker.

"You could have refused him permission to go to London," pointed out the professor.

"It would have been difficult," replied Dr Booker.

"Sergeant Buckle is not very active as you know, and Sutton still has several days holiday owing to him."

The sergeant was the head porter. He was always complaining that his feet hurt him, or that his rheumatism was bad, and he left the hard work to Syd.

"Bah!" The professor scowled. "Sutton is being called on again! If he must appear on television I wish he'd get his hair cut."

## SYD THE CELEBRITY.

**D**O you want to go on and try to turn your thirty pounds, by three more questions, into ninety pounds," Filby asked Syd. "Yes," Syd nodded. "I'll try three more."

"Good for you," chuckled Filby, "and the first is—How many stars are there on the flag of the United States?"

"Forty-nine," answered Syd.

Miles away Professor Skelton gave a sarcastic snigger.

"The ignoramus," he scoffed. "You're right, Syd," Filby nodded. "Alaska has lately been admitted as the forty-ninth state."

Professor Skelton sniffed. "I overlooked Alaska for a moment," he spluttered.

Filby looked at his question cards.

"Can you name two species of birds that are never seen in Britain?" he asked.

"The vulture will be one of them," murmured Syd, "and I'll give you the flamingo for another."

"Perfect answer!" shouted Filby. "Name two birds that can't fly and you'll win ninety."

"The penguin," replied Syd.

"That's correct!" exclaimed Filby. "What's the other? You have ten seconds in which to answer."

"It doesn't fly, but it can't half run," Syd chortled. "The ostrich."

"You've done it," hollered the Quiz Master, and a roll of drums added to the applause of the audience.

"Come back next week," advised Filby. "You will have the chance of winning two hundred and seventy pounds."

"You'd have a job to keep me away," grinned Syd.

On leaving the building, Syd decided to have a feed before catching the train back to Cramphurst. He was really hungry.

Syd walked down the street and turned into a big cafe. When he entered the restaurant, he looked round in dismay because the place was full. He could not see a vacant seat anywhere. Many of the







John Baker sends an SOS with a water-jug—in an attempt to turn the tide on his enemies!

# THE LAND OF THE LOST CHAMPIONS



PRISONER AT SEA.

**TO all appearances the figure lying on the after-deck of the powerful motor cruiser was unconscious.**

The boat was moving at a steady fourteen knots across a blue, slowly-heaving sea.

When the cruiser gave an extra lurch in the swell, the figure slid a little way across the spotted white plank deck, then slid back again as the boat steadied.

A man of medium height came aft from the little chartroom. He was lean and wiry in build, nattily dressed in white with a white yachting cap. The most startling thing about him were his pale, blue eyes.

He came up to the prostrate figure, and stirred it, quite gently, with his foot. The figure gave a faint groan.

Apparently satisfied, the man called out something in a strange language. At once a sailor came trotting from somewhere up forward.

At least, he was kitted out like a sailor, with white duck trousers, a T-shirt, and a white cap, but he did not look the part of a sailor.

He was a giant of a man. Muscles bulged on his hairy arms. He looked somehow as if he were a landsman who, for some reason, was dressed

up like a sailor and performing a sailor's duties.

Again some words were spoken in the strange language, and in response, the giant let a wooden bucket over the side of the cruiser on the end of a rope.

When the bucket was filled, he hauled it up and dashed the water swiftly over the head of the prostrate figure. Three times he repeated the operation. The figure began to stir.

"Ah," said the man with pale, blue eyes, speaking faultless English, "so you are coming to your senses at last, friend Baker?"

John Baker let out a heart-rending groan as he dragged himself to his hands and knees. Inwardly he congratulated himself on that groan.

It sounded the real McCoy, the sound which you might expect a man to make when he was coming to with a really bad headache, caused first by a savage blow on the skull, then reinforced by the frequent administration of knock-out drops.

But, in fact, John Baker had not been nearly so unconscious as he wanted the blue-eyed man to think.

He put his hands to his eyes now, partly as if to relieve the ache in his head, and partly as if to shield his sight from the glaring brilliance of the tropical sun.

"Oh, my gosh," he moaned.

"Where am I? What's happened to me?"

"Both questions are very easily answered," the blue-eyed man said briskly. "In the first place, you are on board my motor yacht, the 'Count Prezensky I.'"

"As for what happened to you, I regret to say that I took you away from California, against your will, shortly after that record-breaking run of yours in the Four-Forty Yards."

Looking round through half-closed eyelids, John saw that the man standing beside his captor was not the only "gorilla" on board. The man at the wheel, the look-out man, the man swabbing down the fore-deck, all were of giant build.

All were presumably loyal to this Count Prezensky, speaking with him in their strange language. No wonder this crazy Count had at last decided it was safe to allow his prisoner to return to consciousness.

## ISLAND OF DEATH.

**JOHN BAKER was in deadly danger. Although he had deliberately engineered himself into this situation, he still found it difficult to accept that what had happened was true!**

The efficiency with which he had been kidnapped, the speed with which he had been whisked away from the United States, the power and resources which were obviously at his captor's disposal, amazed him.

More impressive than anything else was the secrecy with which the crazy Count worked. This was the seventh time that he had kidnapped a world

champion athlete, and still he had not been rumbled by the authorities.

"You are feeling more comfortable now?" the Count asked. "Perhaps you would like to sit with your back against this bulkhead here. The awning will protect you from the sun."

As he moved in answer to the suggestion, John heard a clank. For the first time he looked down, and saw that his legs were shackled.

His captor might speak words of kindness and courtesy, but his deeds did not altogether measure up to his words! Clanking, John staggered over to the shade of the awning.

The big man with Prezensky stooped down and made a swift movement with his hands. John saw that the chain connecting his leg irons had now been passed round a stanchion and locked back on the shackles.

The young Britisher looked up at Count Prezensky. For the first time, he allowed the light of intelligence to show in his eyes.

"Don't take many chances, do you?" he said. "I should have thought with all these strong-arm men about that I was pretty safely cooped up."

Prezensky showed white teeth in a smile.

"My dear Baker, I have gone to a great deal of trouble to give myself the pleasure of your company. We have reached this point by a variety of means—car, aircraft, and now motor cruiser.

"It would be a pity, at this late stage, if you tried to do anything—foolish."

"I don't see there's much I can do," Baker sighed.

"One of my other guests, Sven Hedin, had different ideas. He eluded the vigilance of my guards and slipped over the side of the boat."

"But I fear," Prezensky sighed, "that his escape did him no good. There are many man-eating sharks in this stretch of the Caribbean Sea."

The hair stiffened at the back of John Baker's neck. Never before in his life had he felt so lonely and helpless.

Dead ahead, remote in the distance, was a small, dark blur which might be a cloud on the horizon, or it might be land.

From his position beneath the awning, John could not get a good view of the dark blur, but Count Prezensky noticed the direction of his glance.

"Yes, that is our destination," he said softly, "an island situated about midway between Cuba and Jamaica. The island belongs to me and it is strictly private."

"No visitors are permitted. They are discouraged from landing, if necessary, by gunfire."

# When replying to advertisements, please mention "Adventure."

John Baker concealed a shudder.

"Very interesting," he said. "You must be popular with tourists. What's the place called?"

"You won't be passing any information on, Baker, so I have no objection at all to your learning its name. It used to be a haunt of pirates in the old buccannering days. They called it La Muerte."

"That's Spanish, isn't it?"

"Yes, in English it means 'Death'!"

"But come, I am forgetting my duties as a host. You must be feeling the effects of hunger and thirst."

He turned and rapped out some instructions to the gorilla who was called Kolok.

## "CALL ME COUNT!"

**KOLOK** shambled off to what looked like a little galley. He came back almost at once, bearing a plate of cold food and a jug of water.

The plate and the jug were set on the deck beside John Baker. Eagerly Baker grabbed for the jug. He had a raging thirst, but he did not drink deeply as a thirsty man would.

Instead, he sipped slowly, for he wished to discover first whether the water was drugged. From the time of his kidnapping in Count Prezensky's car, every sip of water and every bite of food that John Baker was offered had been laced with knock-out drops.

He had detected the bitter taste of the drug on the very first occasion. His weakness would not allow him to refuse nourishment altogether, but he had never taken so much that he was knocked into a state of complete unconsciousness.

During the whole of the wild journey until he came to on the deck of the motor cruiser, John had been in a state of semi-coma.

This time there was no taste of the drug in the food or drink. Prezensky had evidently decided there was no further need to keep his captive in a state of stupor. John fell to and had a hearty meal.

After it he felt a good deal more cheerful. Curiously he examined the lean, dapper figure standing in front of him and swaying gently in time with the motion of the cruiser.

"Now," he said, "what the blazes is this all about, Prezensky?"

Smiling almost apologetically, the Count leaned down and slapped Baker hard across the face.

"You and I will get on much better," he murmured, "if you speak to me with the respect which my rank merits. As I told you, my ancestors have been Counts of the Holy Roman Empire as far back as the sixteenth century."

It is customary for a commoner to address a nobleman by his title. You will call me Count, Baker."

"You can't possibly get away with this," the Britisher snapped.

Prezensky shrugged. "From the position you find yourself in, I should have thought otherwise."

"Oh, you've kidnapped me, all right. And you kidnapped those other six athletes as well. But when you picked them up, people didn't seem to realise that anything funny was going on."

At the time of Richie Logan's disappearance, however, we had begun to smell a rat. Sam Kirchoff, the sports promoter, and I got on to the Californian State police straight away, and they contacted the F.B.I.

As soon as Kirchoff learnt of my own disappearance he would raise a hue and cry straight away. They'll be looking for me, and though they may not know yet who you are, they'll be looking for you as well, Prez—er, Count."

Prezensky seemed to be amused.

"They may well be looking for us both, my dear Baker, but they won't have any clue as to which direction their search should take."

"Won't they?"

The Count laughed, and disappeared into a cabin. When he came out he had several objects in his hand, which he tossed away on the deck by the side of his captive.

"Are these by any chance the clues which you expect the authorities to follow?" he asked.

John Baker recognised his passport, his U.K. driving licence, a programme of the athletics meeting at the El Dorado stadium where he had set up his 440 Yards record, a letter addressed to him care of Sam Kirchoff, and his wallet which had his name and address stamped on the inside of the flap.

## NO CLUES.

**FOR the first time since his capture three days before, John Baker began to despair.**

Count Prezensky thought the Britisher had been captured unwillingly, whereas, in fact, it had been Baker's deliberate intention that he should be picked up by this unknown maniac who seemed to have a passion for collecting world champion athletes.

In fact, he had gone to the El Dorado stadium with every intention of setting a world mark in the 440 Yards simply so that he would attract the attention of the mysterious kidnapper. And he had done it!

The first stage of Baker's strange journey had been completed in the car which picked him up not far away from the El Dorado stadium.

Having accepted a lift in the car, he was knocked unconscious by a blow with a cosh. By the time they took him out of the car he was beginning to recover consciousness.

As they dragged him across a street into a house, he had dropped his passport, hoping that this would be picked up and reported to the police.

Sam Kirchoff would soon get in touch with the cops, and thus the first stage of John Baker's journey into the unknown would be tabbed.

So it went on. There was another trip in another car to another house, near which Baker dropped his U.K. driving licence.

Later, near an airport, he abandoned the athletics programme on which he had written Kirchoff's address.

At the end of the flight, he dropped the letter which had on the envelope both his own name and Sam Kirchoff's.

Finally, when he was vaguely conscious of being taken to a quiet quayside, he let his wallet fall, the last article in his possession by which he could be identified.

John was confident now that a trail had been laid which would show the Californian State police the direction in which he had been taken.

But the enemy had been too clever for him. There were not any clues. No trail had been laid for the police. They might well still be looking for him in western California, instead of out here in the Caribbean, thousands of miles away!

Prezensky evidently found Baker's woebegone expression very entertaining.

"Never mind, my friend," he laughed. "Although your attempt failed, you are to be congratulated on your quickness of wit. None of your colleagues in the world of sport showed such brains. But—" "Except for Sven Hedin, they all seemed quite cowed by their capture. Frankly, I was disappointed in them. I thought class athletes would have shown more fight."

Suddenly a cry went up from the man on look-out. Count Prezensky spun round and followed the direction in which the man's finger was pointing.

Low on the horizon could be seen a faint dot. The dot was growing larger, very quickly. Soon the hum of aircraft engines could be heard.

"It sounds like trouble, Count," John Baker grinned. "I reckon that's a coastal reconnaissance plane either of the R.A.F.

or the U.S.A.F. My pal Sam Kirchoff has been busy already!"

## GLASS 50 S.

**COUNT PREZENSKY stepped forward to check Baker's shackles.**

The Britisher's hands were free, and for a moment he was tempted to grapple with his captor. But the giant Kolok stood in the background. He would very soon make mincemeat of a tethered opponent. Prezensky stepped away again, satisfied.

"You are securely fastened, Baker. You cannot shout for help since your voice wouldn't be heard at a distance, especially above the roar of aero engines."

"Most important, with this awning overhead you won't even be seen from above, so there is no point, in making direct signals!"

Kolok and his master moved forward to the wheelhouse. John Baker ground his teeth. Prezensky had squashed the very hope that had been dawning in his mind.

The stretch of canvas overhead would indeed blot him out from the plane's field of vision as soon as it drew near.

He could wave his arms for all he was worth, and he might as well be waving them in a cellar.

He flung out a hand in a gesture of defeat, and knuckled the glass water jug over. At the same time a flash of light sparked across the bulkhead opposite.

All at once the meaning of that flash hit John Baker. It was the sun reflecting from the glass side of the water jug.

He was not as helpless as Prezensky thought! Signals could be made with the jug. They might not be very clear ones, but at least they should arouse interest on board the approaching flying boat!

Trying to keep his hands steady, John picked up the water jug. Whether he could aim the sun-flashes from it accurately enough, he did not know. He would just have to hope for the best.

Rhythmically he jerked the jug from side to side, trying to direct the reflections from it towards the flying boat. Three short flashes, three long flashes, three short flashes. It was the S.O.S. Morse code.

Nothing happened. The flying boat—he could now see that it was a Martin of the U.S.A.F. — was steering a course that would take it well ahead of the motor cruiser.

In a few more moments it would have passed out of John's sight over the awning.

Desperately he jerked at the water jug again, sending out the light reflections, sending out any kind of flash that might attract attention.

Suddenly the flying boat changed course a little! The flashes had been seen! Now Baker started to send out the S.O.S. again.

The boom of the pistol report

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seemed to sound right in Baker's ear. Simultaneously there was an explosion as the water jug shattered in his hand. A splinter dug a great gouge in his right cheek. With smoke still curling away from the muzzle of the revolver, Count Prezensky came leaping forward. His face was twisted with rage.

"You'll get no further chance of signalling to your friends, Baker," he snarled. The pistol barrel went up and came down with savage force. John Baker caught it full on the temple, and he went out like a doused lamp.

#### ESCAPE ATTEMPT.

**WHEN** John recovered consciousness, he felt that a long time had elapsed. This time his head really was splitting with pain.

Dully he looked up. They had almost reached the island of La Muerte. The stretch of it which he could see consisted mainly of high, densely-wooded cliffs.

Only at one point was there a break in the cliffs giving on to a sandy beach. A wooden jetty ran out from this beach.

"I would say welcome to my estate, Baker," a soft voice remarked, "only I fear you might consider the words ironical."

John did not look up in answer to Count Prezensky's comment. He felt pretty lousy, but it struck him that there might be some advantage in looking lousy.

If this maniac thought he was still stupefied by the force of the blow, then there was just a faint chance that precautions might be slightly relaxed.

"You may like to know what happened with regard to my lying friends," the voice went on. The short answer is—nothing.

"They called up on the international R-T wavelength, asking the meaning of some mysterious flashes they had seen. I explained that it was one of the after-effects of the sun as the cruiser rolled.

"That satisfied the American airmen, and they departed."

John Baker let no expression show in his face. His mind was concentrating on the job of how to get out of the clutch of this crackpot, why Prezensky wished to kidnap world champion athletes he could not guess, nor what he intended to do with them afterwards.

But one thing was certain. If he let himself be taken ashore quietly, and herded with Richie Logan and the others, he would be able to do nothing to spike Prezensky's plans.

On the cruiser, he was

securely fastened. Ashore, no doubt he would be securely locked up. Was there any chance of making a dash for it between ship and shore?

Looking out on the world with dull, half-closed eyes, John worked on the problem. They were almost up to the jetty now.

On the jetty two more giants were coming forward to take up the mooring ropes which the cruiser's crew were ready to cast. Count Prezensky and Kolok looked down at Baker.

The Count nodded curtly. Evidently he was satisfied that the Britisher was not in a fit state to make any resistance. Kolok stooped and unlocked the shackles.

At once Baker exploded from his position like a bursting shell. The impetus of his movement even knocked over the other gorilla, and hurried Prezensky out of the way.

Madly he sprang to the side. Another giant appeared in his path. To the young Britisher's astonishment the giant did nothing to restrain him. In answer to a shout from Prezensky, he actually stood aside!

Alarm bells rang in Baker's brain, but he did not stay to listen to them. Sprinting on to the bulwark, he took a header into the warm, blue sea.

But even as he fell he saw one of the cruiser's crew pour-

ing a bucket of red, oozy liquid into the sea. As the water closed over his head, John realised that the bucket was full of animal oil.

And that offer could only be for one purpose—to lay ground-bait in order to attract sharks and barracudas!

Baker only spent a few seconds in the water, but he was more terrified during that time than he had ever been in his life.

Obviously the sea-wolves were accustomed to being fed in the vicinity of this jetty. Prezensky not only had efficient guards by land, he had even more efficient protection under the sea!

They seemed to rise up from the depths in hundreds, the dark grey shapes of sharks, and the lean, blue-and-white barred bodies of barracudas.

Mad with panic, John floundered back to the motor cruiser. Suddenly he felt a hook catch in the seat of his pants, and he was hauled dripping out of the sea and dumped back on deck. Count Prezensky regarded him with an amused glance.

"Not exactly the most desirable spot for bathing, is it?" he commented.

Next week John Baker meets up with the other missing champions—and discovers why he's been kidnapped!

Williams, with his mouth gaping open, stood below.

"Williams, what has happened?" shouted the Principal.

"Williams looked up. 'I reckon the boiler has blown up, sir,' he answered hoarsely. 'Mebbe I should've closed the dampers.'"

Towards the end of the afternoon, Syd turned into the avenue in the town where he was staying with his brother. He was wearing a track suit.

Cross-country running was another of his interests and he had entered for the National Cross-Country Race. Now he was returning from a five miles practice canter.

Sergeant Buckle stood outside the house.

"Hullo, Sarge, how's the lambago?" inquired Syd.

"Syd," pleaded the sergeant, ignoring the inquiry after his lambago, "you've got to come back."

"Why should I?" Syd retorted. "I'm not short of money."

"Doctor Booker says that under the circumstances you can compete in the quiz!" Buckle exclaimed.

"A stuffy old waistcoat, isn't he?" chuckled Syd.

"Can I say you're coming back?" bleated the sergeant.

Syd frowned thoughtfully. "I'll come back if I'm knocked out of the quiz on Thursday," he decided.

—\*—  
Syd is able to answer a quiz question next week—because he has run in a cross-country race!



#### SYD THE QUIZ KID

(Continued from page 8.)

Syd striding briskly across the quad.

"Where the thundering blazes have you been?" Sergeant Buckle roared.

"Wigan," replied Syd calmly.

"Wigan?" spluttered the sergeant.

"Yes, that's where the train had got to when I woke up," added Syd. "Is everything okay doko?"

#### SYD IS SACKED.

**THE** Principal looked solemnly at Syd. He had summoned the assistant porter to his study during the afternoon.

"I've given the matter careful thought, Sutton, and I've come to the conclusion that participation in the quiz and your duties as assistant porter do not coincide," he rapped. "I must, therefore, insist that you communicate with the organisers and inform them that you are withdrawing from the programme."

Syd lost his usual good-natured expression. He shook

his head firmly.

"It's a bit of fun, and the chance to make some money," he replied. "I mean to carry on."

"In that case, Sutton, I shall have no alternative but to give you a week's notice," threatened the Principal.

"Righto, I'll take it," retorted Syd. "And as you owe me more than a week in holidays that I haven't been able to take, I'll go now."

Syd's attitude came as a shock to the Principal because he had never dreamed that Syd would go. Dr Booker thought he had only to utter the threat for Syd to knuckle under, but he had misjudged his man badly.

Syd strode out into the quad. Peter Hall, the captain of the rugger XV, ran to catch him up. There was a big game next day with Rensham College.

"Syd, have you noticed the pitch wants marking out?" he asked.

"Yes, I've noticed it, but I've finished here," replied Syd. "Will you tell the captain of the hockey team that I shan't be around tomorrow to put up the nets."

"You can't leave, Syd," Hall gasped. "The place will fall to pieces."

"I shouldn't be surprised at that," grinned Syd as he walked away.

#### CHANGE OF MIND.

**A** SUCCESSOR to Syd was appointed that day.

One slip can mean death when dealing with a wild horse—and Jack Daley has made a slip!

# OLD COACHES NEVER DIE!



A TOUGH TASK.

**DYNAMITE'S eyes rolled.** The wild, grey stallion pricked back his ears, snorted savagely, then kicked at the poles of the crude corral.

Dynamite was a magnificent animal with a big head and immense bones and muscle. Yet, despite his size and power, he was a shapely animal, the finest horse Jack Daley had ever seen in his life.

Jack sat on the top rail of the corral, which he had built in a defile to trap the horse. In a manner of speaking, Dynamite had to get used to Jack's face.

The horse had run wild all his life, and looked on humans as enemies. He would not have forgotten the time when he was roped by other hunters. They had treated him rough, but he had fought back and won.

So Jack just sat. Sometimes he whistled. Sometimes he talked to the horse. Mostly he just sat. What was Dynamite afraid of? Most of all he was afraid that this strange human was going to hurt him. The horse's confidence had to be gained.

After a while Jack got down from the rail and strolled away. He had the whole day at his disposal. His next run to Sagebrush on the coach was in the morning.

Jack's Uncle Abe had recently died and left him a stagecoach line in Saginaw City, Colorado. The line consisted of a broken-down coach and twelve crowsfoot horses.

In spite of efforts to buy him

out by Tex Madison, who owned a rival stagecoach line, Jack was determined to make the line as good as the outfit which had trained him, the famous Blue Star Line.

The only thing that kept the line going was the mail contract which gave Jack sole rights to carry the mail the thirty miles from Saginaw City to Sagebrush. What the lad needed most was good horses, and he was determined to tame Dynamite and use him as a coach-horse.

When he was ready he would rope Dynamite, but he was not going to rush it. Inside the corral the stallion continued to plunge about.

## ROPE RUCTIONS.

**JACK had ridden out into the wilderness on Snapper, one of the coach horses. Snapper had a hubble an and was grazing not far away.**

Jack strolled to the top of a ridge. He could see across a wide vista of grass and scrub. Far away he saw the smoke of a train, travelling on the narrow-gauge line towards the terminus at Saginaw City. It was from there that the stagecoach carried on over thirty hard miles to the big town of Sagebrush.

"It's a passenger train," he murmured. "It must be an extra! I needn't worry. It won't be carrying mails for Sagebrush."

Wondering why a special was being run, he watched the train till it went out of sight. Then he returned to the corral, picked up his rope, and dangled it as he sat on the rail.

He held a one-sided conversation with the stallion. Occasionally he hummed, anything to make the horse accustomed to his voice.

Jack nipped down. He cast the rope, and the noose dropped over Dynamite's neck. The "gate" fell away as Jack kicked away a prop.

Dynamite came out of the corral like an express train. He snorted with rage. There was hate and murder in his rolling eyes. As Jack backed away, the stallion reared and struck at him with its tremendous hoofs.

Jack's foot skidded on a big stone embedded in the dust and he stumbled and went down.

Dynamite's hoofs were coming down like sledgehammers as he rolled out of the way. The pounding hoofs missed him by inches.

Jack nipped up. He let out the slack of the line, then wrapped the end round the tall stump of a tree he had selected as his snubbing post.

Dust rose in clouds as the stallion danced a wild fandango. He screamed in savage fury. But, as he reared furiously he tended to choke himself.

Gradually Jack worked Dynamite close up to the snubbing post. That held him.

Jack took the breather he needed. He then edged in towards the stallion. Things had to be done in stages.

As Jack came close, Dynamite pricked his ears back, the sign of worry and annoyance, and snapped at him savagely. Jack kept just out of harm's way.

"You'll git tired of this before me, fella," he grinned.

The youngster worked up to Dynamite a good many times.

This was the stage at which he had to make the horse realise that Jack was not afraid of him. It was the primary secret of breaking in a wild horse. Nothing could be done with a wild horse if it sensed fear in the handler.

It must have been about the tenth time when Jack came in close that Dynamite did not lash out. He fidgeted, but did not use his hoofs.

Jack laid a hand on the stallion's nose. He slid his palm along to the animal's neck and started petting him, talking as he did so. Dynamite bristled with suspicion. Jack went on knocking and patting and Dynamite began to like it.

Then, without making any sudden movement to throw a scare into Dynamite, Jack slipped the hackamore—bitless bridle—over the stallion's head.

There were more fireworks, but the hackamore was on, and Jack had won another round. Dynamite snorted with rage. He started to lash out.

Jack gave a pull. The hackamore had a device which pressed on the nostrils and he steadied the stallion down by giving a tug and using it for a moment or two. He freed his lariat, then employed it as a lead-rope.

"You kin let off some more of yore steam now," murmured Jack.

Jack reached for his Silver Whip, awarded to him when he finished his apprenticeship with the Blue Star Line.

His wrist flicked and he drew the whip smartly but not severely across Dynamite's hindquarters so as to send him forward. The horse squealed, then started to run.

For the first time since Dynamite was born he was being checked and guided by a rein. He tore round for some minutes at a gallop before, blowing hard, he started to slow down.

Jack turned him. He used the whip and made him go the other way. This was very important.

"Okay, we're doing fine," chuckled Jack. "It'll be a long time before he eats out my hand, but we'll git there."

In the later afternoon, Ole Tate, a well-known local horse-wrangler, who had been into town to buy groceries, jogged along on his cayuse towards his shack.

When he heard hoof beats and saw Jack rise out of a gulch, riding Snapper and leading Dynamite, he nearly fell out of his saddle in surprise.

"Doggone me, you've ketchered Dynamite!" he croaked hoarsely.

Jack remembered seeing the passenger train. He did not think it would have carried any mail, but he had a worried feeling in case he had been missing at the wrong time and

there had been letters for Sagebrush.

"Did you see a train come in today?" he asked Ole.

"Aye, Rancher King hired a special train for his trip back from the East with his wife," chuckled Ole Tate. "One of the cars was loaded with furniture for his new ranch-house. Ha, ha, ha! He's brought a grand pianer."

Jack grinned. He did not have to tell about William B. King. The name was right. He was a cattle king. He had his ranch near Sagebrush, and on his immense ranges grazed countless thousands of cattle. His brand was known throughout the West. It was a crown, as it was a crown.

"Ha, ha, Rancher King does things in style," chuckled Ole Tate. "He's staying in town tonight to supervise the loading of his furniture an' the grand pianer into a freight wagon. I'm told he's hired one of Tex Madison's coaches to take him to his home tomorrow."

Ole Tate fixed his gaze on Dynamite again. He noticed the fierce, resentful gleam in the stallion's eyes.

"I'm warnin' you," he said. "You'll never tame him, never! No, he'll eat you."

Jack got Snapper going with his heels, and tugged at the lead-line. Dynamite whirled round, and Ole Tate hurriedly got out of the way.

The hackamore pulled Dynamite up snorting. Jack pulled on the line and set him moving again. Watched by Ole Tate, he went on towards Saginaw City.

#### WIRE WORRIES.

**NOT far from the town** was a telegraph pole, and the wires, slung loosely, swayed in the rising breeze.

Jack saw Dynamite's ears go back. He was suspicious, as he had not seen a telegraph pole and wires before. What Jack did was to stop. He let the stallion look and snort at the strange object.

Jack knew that if a horse were allowed a few moments to get accustomed to something strange, it would usually pass it quietly. If forced past, it would always be troublesome.

After a short stop Jack gave a tug, and Dynamite, realising that the telegraph pole was not

going to harm him, came along without trouble.

At the end of the main street, round the station shed, there was a throng. The special train stood on a spur. Folk were rubbernecking to see the furniture Rancher King had bought for his house as it was removed from the baggage car to the freight wagon.

Tex Madison supervised the work. He was a stern-looking man who dressed well and sported a fancy waistcoat. He had a fine business, and owned wagons as well as coaches.

Nobody in Saginaw City had seen a grand piano before, and it was causing a lot of comment as it was manhandled out of the baggage car.

Then one of the onlookers happened to glance over his shoulder. An astonished gasp broke from him.

"Jumpin' snakes," he spluttered. "Jack Daley has roped Dynamite!"

The spectators forgot all about the grand piano. Looking round, they saw Dynamite coming along with Jack, and could hardly believe their eyes.

The amazed crowd followed Jack towards the tumbledown premises of the Daley line. Dynamite's ears lay back as they approached the gate.

Jack nipped to the ground and Snapper trotted on ahead into the yard. Heb Horne, Jack's hostler, thought the horse had turned riderless. "I guess Jack musta come off second best wid Dynamite, like I warned him," muttered the ornery hombre who claimed to be mighty dangerous to rile. "Yaal, dang my guns, he's got him!" Heb burst out as he caught sight of Dynamite.

Amazement showed on Heb's leathery face as Jack coaxed the stallion into the yard.

Dynamite's lip curled. Maybe he had scented Heb! He did not want to pass the coach. Jack let him stand and look at it.

"What a hoss!" gasped Heb. "Ah, he's a rare 'un, Jack, but you'll never git the better of him."

The crowd in the gateway parted as Rancher King walked into the yard. He had a bushy moustache and side-whiskers. He wore a smart sombrero and a swell suit he had bought back East.

But, although he had a pompous air about him, he had not built up his herds by luck. He had achieved wealth by knowing how. There was not a job, from mending a fence to branding a calf, that he could not do himself. In his youth he had been a cattle drover and bronco-buster. He reckoned he knew it all.

"You've caught a good horse," he told Jack. "I'll take him! Aye, I'll give you a hundred dollars for him."

"I've heard say you're a good judge of a hoss," replied Jack. "If you value Dynamite at a hundred dollars you can't be."

"I was having a joke," it," he remarked with a sly growled King. "We'll do a deal smile.

"I'm jest not interested, Mister King," Jack replied flatly. "I wouldn't part with you for your new ranch-house and your grand pianer."

King looked dumbfounded, then angry, as he stamped out of the yard. He had the idea that his money would buy anything.

Jack led Dynamite past the coach.

"Pitch some hay into the rack," he called to Heb.

Heb got his pitchfork, stabbed it into the hay pile, and carried a big bunch into the stable. Dynamite got the scent of it, but he took a little coaxing to enter the box. Jack tied him up by the rack and left him munching.

"You've ketched yourself a tiger," declared Heb when Jack went into the yard. "You should've sold him. What are we gwine to use for money?"

I took the other two hosses along to Sledgehammer Stott fer shooin' while you were gone. He refused to do any more work for us while money was owing."

"How much money?" demanded Jack.

"Mebbe twenty bucks," grunted Heb. "Ole Abe was a bit careless 'bout payin' his bills."

Jack frowned. He did not like owing money. Until the next payment came along from the Post Office he had less than twenty dollars for running expenses.

At Saginaw City he only had three horses for, pulling the coach. Blinker, a black, had had to stay at Deer Lodge as he had gone lame.

"I dunno what to do," Heb muttered. "Soapy an' Patch both need shooin'."

"That's nothing to worry about," Jack declared. "I can shoe 'em myself."

"C'n you?" blinked Heb.

Jack grinned.

"You wouldn't git your Silver Whip if you couldn't put a shoe on a hoss," he said, then his grin faded. "We'll pay Sledgehammer off as soon as we can."

From the stable came thuds and snorts. Having finished the hay, Dynamite was highly dissatisfied with being shut in.

#### THE CREDITORS GATHER.

**RANCHER KING set off** back for the Lost Frontier Hotel, where he was staying the night with his wife, with an angry stride. Tex Madison caught him up.

"Did young Jack Daley sell the stallion?" he inquired.

Rancher King scowled.

"No, he danged well didn't," he snarled. "He wouldn't take my money, tarnation young fool."

Madison shrugged.

"I'll see what I can do about

"I was having a joke," it," he remarked with a sly growled King. "We'll do a deal smile.

"Waal, I want that horse," responded King gruffly, "and if you can make him see sense you'll be doing me a good turn."

Madison left him. He was anxious to do King a good turn—and Jack a bad one. He walked to the general store on the corner, a place which sold most things from bacon and beans to a keg of nails and kerosene.

Dutch Stein, the stoof proprietor, sat on a barrel sucking at a small cigar. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his waistcoat was sprinkled with ash.

Madison leaned against the counter as if he had come in for a gossip. He talked about Rancher King's grand piano, and chatted about Jack's capture of the stallion.

"By the way, Dutch, did Abe Daley owe you any money when he faded away?" he asked.

"Ya, ya, a few dollars," wheezed Dutch. "I ain't worryin'. I guess zat young Jack will pay."

Madison lowered his voice. "Take a hint from me and collect," he muttered. "His business is right on the rocks. I doubt if he's got a couple dollars to rub together."

When Madison left the store he turned into the yard of Hayseed Harrison. After that he intended to make other calls.

Over at Jack's place, Heb grunted every time he worked the bellows in the smithy. Years had passed since the shed had been used, except by the hens as a roost. The anvil was red with rust and the bellows contained numerous punctures. Still, sufficient air came from the nozzle to make the fire glow in the brazier.

Jack fetched out a piece of red-hot strip iron with the pincers. The sparks flew as he hammered it into shape.

He was interrupted by a cough. Hayseed Harrison, who had chaff sprinkled on him liberally, entered the shed.

"What are you gonna do about it?" he asked gruffly.

"Do about what?" inquired Jack.

"Payin' the fifteen dollars owed by yore uncle fer corn?" went on Hayseed.

Jack shot a rather worried glance at Heb.

"Is that right?" he asked.

"Guess so," grunted Heb. Jack turned to Hayseed.

"You'll git it," he said.

"When?" growled Hayseed.

"It's monies overdue."

"I'll raise it this week," Jack answered.

"Okay," rumbled Hayseed.

"But you'll git no more corn till you pays up."

Jack shrugged and got on with his work again. He drew Soapy's hoof over his knee and, satisfied by the fit, nailed on the shoe.

Just as he let go, the towering shape of Sledgehammer Stott got in the light. "I thought I heard you

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hammerin'," he said harshly. "What's biting you?" re- one."

torted Jack. "What's bitin' me? I ain't bin paid for months," bawled the blacksmith. "You're in me debt to the extent of eighteen bucks."

"You'll git it," said Jack. "When?" demanded Sledgehammer.

"You've waited months. It won't hurt you to wait till the end of the week," Jack re- torced.

"I'll wait no longer," snarled Sledgehammer.

Heb stared after him as he strode away.

"I dunno how you'll raise it," he muttered.

"Mebbe we'll have a full coach tomorrow," Jack an- swered. "Ten passengers at five bucks apiece!"

"Don't start dreamin'," scoffed Heb. "Madison's coach'll take all the passengers.

Waal, blow me over, here comes Dutch Stein! He'll be wantin' money, too!"

Dutch Stein waddled down the yard with the seat of his pants swinging like a sail.

"Tex Madison says zat you are a bust business," barbled Dutch, "and I must ask you to remember zat fifteen dollars is vot I am owed, ya, ya!"

He jumped back in alarm as Jack swung the hammer. But he banged it down on the anvil.

"So that's what Tex Madison is saying, is it?" he growled. "I've gotta notion he's been saying it to a lotta folk! Okay!

### NAIL NUISANCE.

**TEX MADISON** owned two stagecoaches, well, green - painted vehicles, and numerous horses.

In the morning, an hour before train time, his newest coach was driven to the Last Frontier Hotel to pick up Rancher King and his wife. Tex was on hand to see them off. The freight wagon, with the grand piano, had left at dawn.

"I'm jest going to have a word with Daley," announced King when he came out of the hotel.

"I guess you'll find him more reasonable today," replied Madison glibly. "I understand he's been hard-pressed by his numerous creditors."

Marching across the street as if he owned the town, King reached the gateway of Jack's premises. Dynamite was tied up at the far end of the yard and kept pawing the ground. Jack and Heb were preparing the stagecoach for the trip to Sagebrush. It had a new axle-tree at the back, and none of the wheels now lacked spokes.

King shot an envious glance at the stallion.

"I'm still open to buy Dynamite," he said.

"I'm still shut agin selling him," answered Jack.

King went storming out of

the yard, and a glance at his furious face showed Madison that the rancher had not suc- ceeded in buying Dynamite.

Towards mid-day, when the train was due, Black Young, with Gid Crabtree as guard, drove the Madison coach over to the depot. When the clang of the locomotive bell was heard, Jack appeared with his coach, hauled by Soapy, Patch, and Snapper.

When the train clanked into the shed, Tex Madison was waiting for the passengers.

"Ah, nice to see you agin, Mister Skelton," he greeted a portly man who was carrying a carpet-bag.

"Are you going with us to Sagebrush?"

"I wouldn't ride on the Daley coach," jeered Skelton, a traveller in soap and hair tonic.

He strutted out and climbed the ladder to the roof of the green coach, lifted up his coat-tails, and sat down—but not for long. With an ear- splitting yell, he rose in the air as if he had sat down on a hornet.

Black Young jerked round on the box.

"Why are yuh hollerin'?" he gasped. "Yuh hurt yourself?"

"Hurt myself?" burbled Skelton. "Look at the seat! Look at all the seats!"

A startled shout burst from Black Young. The seats were studded with nails, their sharp ends driven upwards through the wood and padding.

Tex Madison ran over to the vehicle and his face went dark with rage as he saw that somebody had been at his coach, which had been stand- ing in his yard all night. It did not take him long to guess who the culprit was. Jack had got his own back on his rival!

Madison addressed the throng of passengers in a voice thick with rage. "My other coach has gone out with Rancher King," he spluttered. "You'll jest have to wait while the nails are removed."

Jack gave a shout. "Sagebrush before sundown if you come along with me," he proclaimed.

Madison gritted his teeth as all his passengers clambered on to the Daley coach. The two mailbags were passed up and put in the compartment under the boot.

Outside his premises Jack pulled up, jumped down, and ran into the yard.

When he swiftly reappeared, he was leading Dynamite on a long line. Jack could not leave the stallion on his own for over twenty-four hours, so he was taking him along. He secured the end of the line to a bar on the back of the coach.

The young driver sprang back on to the box and put his three horses on the move again.

Jack Daley is in for shocks next week—one of his passengers is a highway robber!



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## Harry Vale learns an important lesson—never practice golf in rattlesnake country!



FAN-BELT FAILURE.

**HARRY VALE**, a young British golf professional, dozed off in the front seat of the old, open car.

It was the turn of his companion, Al Winters, to do the driving.

The road, across a dry, dusty landscape in New Mexico, U.S.A., seemed endless. Though the surface was rough, and the car had at least one broken spring, the jolting did not disturb Harry. After three days of travelling he was used to it.

Al Winters, a young American golfer, had had the idea of buying a second-hand car to travel several thousand miles to California.

There, the two were to compete in the Western Tournament run by the P.G.A.—the Professional Golfers' Association.

Since it had seemed a good idea to Harry, they had clubbed together and bought the jalopy. The period was the mid-thirties, and their "chariot" had cost them \$500 dollars!

Harry woke up with a start, and uttered a yelp. His first confused impression was that scalding hot rain was falling.

Al, nicknamed "Frozen Fee," because of his slow method of playing golf, brought the car to a stop.

"It's boiling again," he groaned.

Steam was blowing off from the car's radiator, the wind-

screen was spotted, and they could hear the water bubbling and gurgling.

"Aye, I can see it," replied Harry. "I bet the fan-belt has jumped off again."

Al nodded as they climbed out of the car. The American opened the bonnet, then gave a start.

"There isn't a fan-belt," he announced. "I guess it came to pieces."

"How far are we from a town?" asked Harry.

"I'd just worked it out that we're twenty miles from Fango," Al stated. "We should get a replacement there."

The water still bubbled furiously.

"We'll have to let it cool down," Harry decided.

The golf bags were in the back of the auto. Reaching over Harry fetched out his No. 7 iron and a box containing some old balls. It was an example followed by Al. The golfers took every opportunity for practice.

On either side of the road the ground was gritty and dotted with cactus plants.

Harry picked a cactus about a hundred yards away as his target, shuffled into his stance and hit down at a ball.

The loft on the clubface picked it up. The ball soared and there was a puff of dust as it dropped in the target area.

Harry was of medium height, but very sturdy. He had broad shoulders and strong wrists and hands.

The British youngster had come to the States at the invitation of Mr George P.

Haxton, a millionaire golfer who had met Harry during a visit to Britain.

Harry had been thrown on his own resources when Mr Haxton died suddenly from a heart attack. Though the youth had very little money he had decided to stay in America, where there were far more tournaments than in the British Isles, and play round the circuits.

After a bad start, Harry was becoming more successful. In the Citrus Cup competition in Florida he had his name printed in the newspapers for the first time, finishing fourth, and winning 650 dollars. Al had come away with 150 dollars, his first pick-up in six weeks of golf.

Al also fetched out a seven iron. He hit at a ball and gave a grunt of annoyance when he saw that he had pushed it far out to the right.

"What did I do wrong, Harry?" he demanded.

"Aw, you're just stiff after driving a long way," shrugged Harry.

"It's a fault that creeps in on me," frowned Al. "I'm liable to push my iron shots out at any time."

"Hit a few more," said Harry. "I'll try and spot what you're doing wrong."

Harry and Al had become pals, of course, and were willing enough to help each other.

### RATTLING RATTLERS.

**AL** hit half a dozen balls and all of them flew perfectly.

He had a compact style, and was certainly deliberate in his methods.

Harry got going again, and hit ball after ball towards the cactus. Al took a smack at the last of the balls he had put down and pushed it good and proper.

"Were you watching?" he spluttered.

"We'll soon put it right, mate," chuckled Harry. "You started the backswing wrong, then hit the ball with an open club face."

"Is that it?" gasped Al.

"I'm sure of it," said Harry. "I'll show you what you were doing."

He played a ball just as Al had done. When the ball went flying away to the right, the Yank gave an excited whoop.

"Proves it!" he exclaimed. "I knew I must be hitting with the face open, but I couldn't trace the fault."

Their conversation became technical as they walked away from the road to collect the balls.

Harry picked up a ball on the blade of his club—a feat of balancing that took some doing—and turned to retrieve another, nearer the road.

He was puzzled by a buzzing sound, an almost metallic clicking.

"What's buzzing?" he asked, as he knelt down and picked up the ball.

"Look out!" screamed Al.

"It's a rattler!"

Harry leapt away from a cactus. His hair stood on end as he saw his first rattlesnake.

The reptile's head was raised, and the buzzing was caused by the horny rattles at the tip of its tail.

"You wanna be careful," warned Al.

"Mind out," yelled Harry. "There's one just behind you!"

Al moved in great haste. It suddenly struck the lads they had been banging the balls into rattlesnake country.

They left some of the balls for the rattlers to play with, and beat a hurried retreat.

"I suppose we should've expected to find rattlers," Al panted. "It's just the country for them."

You might have thought of that sooner," growled Harry, but Al raised a grin.

"Waal, the rattlers didn't bite us—an' I know why I've been pushing out my shots."

### NIGHTMARE TOWN.

**FROM** that point their journey consisted of starts and stops to let the radiator water cool down.

Their destination was Delmar a town on the Pacific Coast, where there was a magnificent golf course of championship standard.

Al had never visited the West Coast before, but he had heard a lot about the course at Delmar. Apparently the wind caused a lot of trouble there. It was said that the greens were as true as billiard tables, but were very fast.

Harry and Al were hoping to



## A prize bull is worth 30 shillings an ounce.

have two days for practice before the tournament opened. They would be competing against many of the big-name players of the U.S.A.

The present Western champion was Pete Wayne, the showman of American golf. He would be at Delmar to defend his title.

Harry was driving the car when, for about the tenth time, the radiator gave its imitation of a crier in eruption and sprayed them with scalding water. He stopped in a hurry.

While the radiator was cooling off, the two young golfers practiced chip shots up and down the road. They were not going to risk meeting any more ratsnakes!

A cloud of dust approached and a truck loomed out of it. The driver, a big guy with dust in every wrinkle of his friendly face, pulled up. His name was Pete.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"The fan-belt's broken," Harry answered.

"I'll give you a tow!" grinned Pete, swinging down from the cab. "I've got a rope."

Pete soon had a thick rope connected from a hook on the back of his truck to the car's front bumper.

"It'll be dusty," remarked the truck driver. "Got a scarf?"

"Yes," Harry nodded. "Tie it over yore face," advised Pete.

Harry fetched a scarf out of his golf bag and tied it over his nose and mouth in Wild West style.

"Okay, let's go," said Pete, then turned to Al. "You ridin' wild me?"

"Sure," replied Al.

Pete climbed into the truck and gave a honk on the hooter. Harry tooted in reply, the rope jumped up from the road and the tow started.

In about thirty seconds Harry was peering through clouds of gritty dust and steering desperately. He reckoned Pete must have his big foot right down on the floorboards.

It seemed that his idea of giving a tow was to drive as if no other vehicle was hitched on behind.

The car rattled and shook. It bounced in the pot-holes and rocked in the ruts. Harry bobbed up and down as if he were galloping a horse.

This mad rush continued for at least twenty minutes, and Harry's arms and shoulders ached from hanging on to the wheel.

The scarf did not seem to do much to keep out the dust, and his eyes were full of it.

A series of hoots announced that they were approaching the end of the trip. It was a good thing Harry was warned.

Pete made a sudden stop, and if Harry had not snatched his foot down hard on the brake pedal, and also snatched at the hand brake, the car would have finished under the tailboard of the truck.

Harry sat there limply. The haze he saw a petrol pump and the outline of a clapboard building with a sheet-iron roof.

"We've made it, boy," boomed Pete as he came round to cast off the tow-rope.

"Thanks a lot," said Harry gruffly.

"It wuz a pleasure," replied Pete.

Ed Forman, who owned the gas station, emerged from the shade of the building. He was a breezy sort of fellow, and did quite a good trade since there was not another garage before Albuquerque, eighty miles on.

Pete tossed the tow-rope into the truck. With a smile and a wave he was on his way to the ranch where he worked.

Harry thought Pete was a great guy, and was thankful to have survived the tow. It was almost as hair-raising as dodging rattlesnakes.

"Yeah, I kin fix you up with a fan-belt," declared Forman. "Where are you boys headin' for?"

"Delmar," Al stated.

"Forman dug a toe into one of the front tyres.

"You'll be lucky to git to Albuquerque on this set of covers," he remarked.

"There's not much tread left on them, is there?" muttered Al.

"You could only blame yourselves if you had a blow-out an' overturned forty miles from nowhere," observed Forman.

"Sounds as if you sell tyres," Harry grinned.

"Brother, how did you guess?" retorted Forman.

Harry and Al held a conference while Forman was finding a fan-belt. The tyres would soon be in need of replacement and, when Forman offered to sell them a set of nearly new tyres for twenty-five dollars, they decided to accept the offer.

Before dark they reached Albuquerque, where they put up for the night.

### CLIFF-TOP GOLFER.

**HARRY and Al were high among the mountains when they at last reached California.**

At the side of the road was a huge sign reading—"Welcome to California," but just beyond was a barrier and a posse of burly State policemen.

The cops glared suspiciously at the car and its two occupants. "They don't look very welcoming," remarked Harry.

Al, who was driving, brought the jalopy to a stop. Sergeant Cogan gave his gun-belt a hitch and strode to the car.

"Where are you kids going?" he demanded harshly.

"Delmar," replied Al.

"We're going to play golf."

"Al, yeah?" jeered Cogan.

"Yeah," Al answered. "Our clubs are in the back."

Cogan rubbed his nose with a knuckle. At that time, and for some years previously, the weather had been unusually dry over the great Plains of the U.S.A.

Terrible dust storms had carried the topsail away in such quantities that the sun was obscured. Many thousands of farmers had been compelled to leave the Dust Bowl, as it was called, and a large proportion headed West.

Crossing the boundary was not, therefore, just a simple matter of driving across it.

On a stretch of ground near the road were numerous old cars, and shanties occupied by miserable people who had not yet succeeded in gaining admittance to California.

"They look like Okies," Sergeant Loughran, the heavy-weight of the posse, remarked.

"Okies"—people from Oklahoma—was the slang name used often for the migrants.

"Yeah, they could've stolen the golf clubs," grunted Cogan.

"For the love of Pete don't hold us up," Al pleaded. "We're short of time now."

"D'you hear that, Sergeant, they're short of time," mocked Loughran.

Harry pushed the car door open and stepped out. He reached for his driver and drew it out of the bag.

"I guess we shall have to show you that we play golf," he stated.

Once before Harry had helped himself out of a nasty corner by hitting a golf ball or two. Now he saw an even more dramatic way of proving that he really was a golfer.

Not far past the barrier, where the road curved round a cliff, there was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into the valley from the outer edge.

Harry stared questioningly at Loughran who was following him suspiciously.

"Play golf?" he asked.

"Sure, sure," nodded the big cop. "I used to be quite a golfer."

Harry stuck a peg tee into the ground within eighteen inches of the precipice's edge and placed a ball on top. He offered the club to Loughran.

"Go first, then," Harry challenged. "See how far you can hit it across the valley?"

Loughran, who had halted well short of the edge, did not accept the challenge. He stood there and puffed out his cheeks.

"You aiming to commit suicide?" the cop spluttered.

"A real golfer doesn't fall

over himself," retorted Harry.

"Watch how it's done!"

Harry shuffled into his stance. When he was ready his left foot was only a few inches from the brink of the precipice.

Al, who had no head for heights, did his best to look unworried. The cops glared at Harry. Some of them shuffled their big feet uneasily.

Harry remained calm. He was not giving away form.

With a full pivot of the hips, a full turn of his broad shoulders, he swung the driver. He lashed into the ball as hard as if he had been standing on a tee at Carnoustie or Porthcawl.

The ball dwindled to a dot in the distance while Harry, at the completion of his follow through, looked after it. His left foot had not moved an inch nearer the edge of the precipice.

Sergeant Cogan mopped at his glistening face with his handkerchief.

"Come away from there," spluttered the cop. "You're giving me the jeebies."

Harry, to the relief of all the onlookers, moved back on to the road. The demonstration had been necessary. He did not look on it as dangerous.

"Satisfied?" Harry growled, and gestured at Al. "He could do it, too."

Much to Al's relief, the cops accepted the evidence that the two were golfers.

"You can push on, kids," Cogan said, "but don't camp out. It isn't safe! There are too many vagrants about who'd grab the chance of slugging you and taking the car."

With this Harry and Al made a quick entry into California. They were considerably behind their schedule and could only look forward to a single day's practice.

### TYRE TROUBLE.

**FOR the rest of the day the journey went well for Al and Harry.**

The gradients were mostly in their favour, now that they were descending from the mountains.

Towards dusk, when they were travelling down a valley in which there were fruit plantations, they approached a railroad crossing.

Harry, who was driving, saw that a train was coming and did not try to beat it over the crossing.

With its bell clanging, a vast locomotive pounded over the crossing hauling a "string of varnish," as the luxurious express trains were termed.

There were Pullman cars among the vehicles, and at the end a coach with an observation platform.

Sitting on the observation platform with his feet up was a man in a light linen suit. He looked very comfortable. The

was clear in his lips, and there were ice cubes in the glass at his elbow.

"Well I'm blowed! See who it is?" gasped Harry, recognising Pete Wayne, the well-known American golfer.

(Continued on page 19.)

## FOREIGN STAMPS

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A Colt revolver keeps a gang of bloodthirsty miners at bay—but Dick Hardy doesn't know it can't fire!

# The ROCKY ROAD TO NOWHERE



abandoned, and, working with a patience that few white men possessed, sometimes made more than the original owners. For this reason, the lazier and more ignorant diggers disliked them.

Few diggers worked alone, for the job would have been killing. Dick Hardy was in partnership with Paddy Burke, Sid Samson and a man named Gore. They were all hard workers, but they had had no real luck as yet, although they were getting just enough gold to keep them going.

Dick's task was wheeling barrowloads of gravel down to the edge of the creek. By the time the evening meal had been cooked and eaten, he was glad to throw himself down on his bed of dry grass and ferns and sleep until dawn.

## A TOUGH TASK.

**THE** authorities had their troubles, too. Mr Lotrobe, the Governor of Victoria, was unable to cope with the situation.

Ships from all over the world were arriving in Melbourne, unloading thousands of gold-seekers. To add to the poor Governor's troubles, escaped convicts and other lawless characters were pouring into the Colony.

Melbourne was not nearly big enough to hold all these people, so a vast canvas town had sprung up, which contained a population as villainous as any to be found in the world. To make things worse, most of the police had discarded their uniforms and gone to the diggings.

Latrobe had soldiers brought to the Colony, but most of them were infantrymen and useless in the wilds. The Governor then decided to organise another force of police—men who had never been policemen before, but were educated, courageous and could both shoot and ride.

He offered good pay and good horses. Soon volunteers were coming forward, most of them former cavalrymen from famous British regiments. Thus was born the Victorian Mounted Police, a body which did good service for many years.

Among the men sworn in was Harry Walters, who had been a sergeant-major of dragoons. He had come to Australia to seek gold, like the rest, but he did not feel happy out of uniform and without a horse under him. One look at his massive frame and determined countenance convinced the officials that they had a good man here. Before long Walters found himself in a dark blue uniform with silver facings, riding a magnificent charger, leading a packhorse carrying his gear, and heading

## THE TROUBLE-MAKER.

"If the Government of this country won't protect us," shouted Sacramento Steve, "we'll protect ourselves!"

"We need the right kind of law here in Australia—the same law we had over in California—lynch law!"

There was a yell of approval from a section of the crowd that swarmed around the tree stump on which the big American gold-digger stood. But there were others who disagreed.

"The Government's doing its best," bellowed Paddy Burke. "Give 'em time."

"The Government don't care what happens to us," retorted the Californian.

"The roads ain't safe, our camps ain't safe, our claims is liable to be jumped by the first low-down varmint that comes along with a hammer and a set of pegs. And now the Chinese have started to come in."

"Out with them!" chorused a section on the outskirts of the three.

"That's what I say," bawled the Californian. "We'll have to form our own police. We'll get our own judges and juries, too, and pity help the man that comes up before them. I move that we, the diggers

of Mount Alexander, form a vigilance committee to protect our interests and rid ourselves of the Chinese."

A cheer went up. Sid Samson started to protest, but Paddy Burke caught him by the arm.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "Let them have their fun. It's roaring and shouting they are now, but if a bullet whistled over their silly heads they'd all be making for the scrub like mountain goats."

"Take my advice and keep out of trouble. No decent man will have anything to do with this gang. Besides, there'll be police or soldiers here soon, and that'll be the end of Sacramento Steve and his vigilance committee."

"You're dead right, Paddy," said Samson. "The sooner the better. Governor Lotrobe had better hurry up, though, or he'll have trouble on his hands."

Young Dick Hardy, standing beside Paddy, listened with interest and a good deal of uneasiness. Public meetings were always lively on the gold diggings, but this had been worse than usual. There had been fighting on the outskirts of the crowd and a good deal of bitterness everywhere.

Like many others there, Dick did not like the big, blustering, goat-bearded American. He feared the worst if Steve took charge of the camp.

The year was 1851, early in the days of the great Australian gold rushes. When Dick Hardy left England, he had no idea that he would soon be joining in the hunt for gold. He had gone to Australia in search of his elder brother Bob who had arrived there five years before.

But, like nearly every other adventurous young man, Dick soon caught the gold fever. He was now at Mount Alexander, in the ranges about 100 miles north of Melbourne, among the most extraordinary collection of men ever gathered together.

Some of them had been clerks or shop assistants a few months before, while others had been doctors or lawyers, but there was no telling a labourer from an aristocrat here. All looked alike—grimy, untwinned, sunburnt, dressed in red shirts and clay-stained moleskin trousers, with heavy boots and wide-brimmed hats.

Their tents stretched up the gully for miles, while their claims were along the banks of the creek.

The work, though simple enough, was very heavy. The sand and gravel had to be dug out and washed with water from the creek, either in a tin dish or in a contrivance called a "cradle."

This cradle was rocked to and fro until the gravel and water were well mixed together and the particles of gold, being heavier, sank to the bottom to lie revealed when the last of the water was poured off. That is, if the digger were lucky! It was, of course, only a rough-and-ready method of getting the gold. Sometimes almost as much was left as was taken out.

It was then that the Chinese came into their own. They took over claims that others had

for Mount Alexander.

"It's rough, Walters," the superintendent warned him. "You'll be out on your own for a while, so you'll have to do the best you can."

It was at a place called Woodend, about forty miles north of Melbourne, that he had his first taste of what lay ahead. His horses were tired and he decided to halt for the night at a roadside inn.

The place was full of people and numbers were camped in the bush round about. The landlord of the inn, a villainous-looking character, offered him a bed in a shed outside.

"I always look after the gentlemen of the police, Inspector," he declared.

"I'm glad to hear it," snapped Walters. "But I'm not an inspector, as you know very well. I'm more concerned about my horses than I am about myself. What can you do about them?"

"They'll be well looked after, sir, don't worry," said the innkeeper. "I'll turn a couple of my own nags out, so that you can lock yours up."

There was a cold wind blowing, and rain had begun to fall, so that Walters was glad to have his horses in shelter after their long journey. Having rubbed them down and seen that they were properly fed, he had a meal himself and turned in.

About midnight, he was aroused by a tug at the arm. Instantly he felt for his revolver, but a voice from the darkness whispered—

"It's all right, Trooper. No harm meant. You'd better see to your horses, or you won't have any in the morning."

Nothing could have awakened Walters more quickly. Throwing on his greatcoat, he tugged on his boots and bolted from the shed. Revolver in hand, he ran towards the row of stables. There, sure enough, was a man holding a lantern, while two others brought his horses out of their stalls.

"Stand!" he shouted and, when they started to run, fired a shot over their heads.

The man with the lantern dropped it, gave a howl of terror and fled for his life.

Walters would have fired again, but for the danger of hitting one of the horses, which, terrified by the flash and the report, were plunging wildly. By the time he reached the spot, the would-be horse thieves had vanished.

No one came from the inn to find out what was going on. Midnight gunshots were too common to worry about.

Walters re-lit the lantern and examined the bolt, which had been wrenched off. While he was looking at it, the man who had warned him came up. Walters saw that he was young, with a pleasant but determined face.

"I'm very much obliged to you," he said.

"That's all right," replied the other. "I've had horses stolen myself when I was a

new chum, and I know what it means. One of Latrobe's new mounted police, aren't you?"

"Just sworn in," nodded Walters. "Only for a day. I've had started my duties by losing my horses."

"The landlord was behind that, I think. He's a scoundrel if ever I saw one. You've got to keep your eyes open in this country now, Trooper."

"I can see that," the trooper nodded ruefully. "My name's Walters."

"I'm Robert Hardy," was the reply, "but I always answer to Bob. Where are you bound?"

"Mount Alexander."

## IMPORTANT NEWS

Each of our companion papers, "The Wizard," "The Rover" and "The Hotspur," is running its own TOP TIPS-1, 2 and FOUR X's contest. And each paper is offering its own prizes of a gleaming new bike and grand match footballs.

## TRY THE COMPETITION IN EACH PAPER

"I'm trying my luck at Forest Creek," said Bob Hardy. "I came to Australia five years ago, but I've been cattle-droving on the Bogong High Plains most of the time."

## AT DAGGERS DRAWN.

**NEXT day, Walters rode on, very thankful that he had encountered Bob Hardy.**

Fortunately he reached Mount Alexander without further trouble. It was just on sunset, and firearms were ringing out all along the valley.

The trooper reined in abruptly, wondering what was happening. Then he recalled having been told that it was the custom of the diggers to discharge their guns and pistols at nightfall, then re-load.

Further along, he rounded a bend in the track and saw a strange sight. A dozen or so Chinese, all dressed alike in blue tunics and alpaca trousers, were standing in a group talking in high-pitched voices like parrots.

Barring the way was Sacramento Steve, his open blue shirt revealing a great expanse of hairy chest. Backed by half a dozen of his mates, he was ordering the Chinese to turn back.

"On your way," he shouted. "Beat it, or we'll leave the lot of you in the creek. No Chows—that's the rule on these diggings."

"Let them alone, Steve," cried Paddy Burke. His claim was nearby, and he and his mates had come up to the track to find out what the argument was about. "They're peaceable men. What harm can they do?"

"You keep your mouth closed, Irish," warned Steve, "or you'll be run out with them. I say who's to come here, not you."

"What right have you got?"

The question came from Dick

Hardy, who had just climbed out the gully with Samson and Gore.

"This right," retorted the big Californian,

He struck Dick across the face and sent him reeling. Recovering from the force and unexpectedness of the blow, Dick flew at the Yankee digger like a tornado, but Burke and Samson caught him and held him back.

"Don't be a fool!" said Burke. "He'll kill you."

"Sure will," said Sacramento Steve, calmly dragging a bowie knife from its sheath. "But see that you take some of your

uppercut that shook Steve to the soles of his feet. The American let fly a wild swing at the trooper, who leaped at his head.

As the big Yank whipped back to dodge it, Walters slammed one home to the solar plexus. Steve, an amazed look on his face, tottered back, then hit the road, gasping for breath.

"You're not violent enough for that committee," said Walters, picking up the knife and tossing it within Steve's reach. "There'll be a police station open here tomorrow, and if anyone has any complaints, I'll interview them there."

"Thank you," he added, collecting his tunic and cap from Dick Hardy. "Good night."

He rode off to the main part of the camp. The others dispersed.

## TROUBLE BREWING.

**NEXT day a small new tent made its appearance in the centre of the camp. Outside was a roughly-lettered board which read—**

V.R.

Colony of Victoria  
Mount Alexander Police Station  
Officer in Charge—

Behind the Harry Walters erected a yard for his horses and a bark shed by way of a stable. At one side of the tent was a heavy log, fitted with staples. The use of this remained unknown for a few hours, until a couple of Italian diggers had a dispute which they tried to settle with stilettos.

Trooper Walters, summoned in haste to prevent bloodshed, knocked their heads together and took the daggers from them. When they recovered, they found themselves chained to the log, much to the delight of the camp.

All the same, the task of keeping the Mount Alexander field in order was beyond the power of any one individual, like Harry Walters, he was on the job from dawn until late at night.

Although the trooper knew that it was not his fault and that no man could do more, he began to despair. But Sacramento Steve, who had given up gold digging and was now running a saloon and gambling hall, grinned sarcastically every time he saw Walters.

"By the way, you might as well know that some of us are getting on our feet, even though you shifted out of this. You're no use, so why waste Government money keeping you here?"

"You won't get very far with that," said the trooper. Secretly, he was far from easy in his mind. It was obvious that the Californian had not forgotten the beating he had taken, and was determined to get his own back.

A few days later, the petition was carried around the camp

so that all those who wished might sign. Paddy Burke's party refused indignantly, but at the same time they were surprised to see the large number of names that were already there.

"Who are all these men?" inquired Dick Hardy. "I know a few of them, and a worthless lot of curs they are, too. But I've never heard of most of them."

"Let me see," said Paddy grabbing the petition and running his finger down the columns of names. "I don't know whether I'm acquainted with them or not, seeing I can't read. But you read them to me, Dick, and I'll soon tell you."

Dick read them out, and Paddy Burke shook his head at every one of them.

"There's a good half I never heard of," he said, "and the rest I hope I never hear of again. It's my belief most of these names have been invented."

"It's nothing but a swindle and we're not men at all if we don't have a word with Sacramento Steve. Come along now, and bring your artillery. It'll help to frighten him, if nothing else."

Collecting one or two others who thought a lot of Walters, they marched up through the camp.

Dick Hardy's "artillery" consisted of a long-barreled Colt revolver, formerly the property of a man who had been killed by bushrangers. It was a magnificent weapon at that time, but Dick had never used it.

They marched up through the camp. There was no mistaking Sacramento Steve's saloon—it was the brightest lit

place in Mount Alexander and by long odds the noisiest.

The din inside swelled to even louder proportions as they neared the door, where a group of men were trying to peer in.

"What's all the noise about?" asked Dick.

"Sacramento's in trouble," was the reply. "The boys have found out that he's been running a crooked game ever since he opened this place, and they're real mad."

As he spoke a fusillade of pistol shots started inside and one window pane after another shattered to pieces. Then, glasses and bottles crashed and two men in dirty white coats—bartenders, no doubt, leapt out of the front door like stones from a catapult and bolted for their lives.

The roar of voices inside grew very menacing and suddenly Sacramento Steve appeared struggling in the grip of half a dozen powerful diggers. A crowd poured out behind shaking their fists and hurling abuse at the prisoner.

"Let's tar and feather him," yelled someone.

"Feath' him," the cry went up.

"Tar and feather him and loose him in the bush."

The fear-stricken Californian uttered a scream of terror. To be stripped, coated in hot tar, rolled in feathers, then thrust out into the bush was equivalent to a death sentence—and a slow death at that.

# QUICK ACTION.

**DICK HARDY** watched the mob with indignation and horror. Turning to Paddy, he said—

with a false front. There was a smell of garlic in its atmosphere.

The proprietor, a portly Mexican, rented them a room for four dollars. There was no garage, so they parked the car behind the hotel and brought in their clubs and grips.

Soon after eating supper, Harry and Al went to their room at the crack of dawn.

If there were cockroaches in the room Harry did not notice them. He slept too soundly.

An anguished yell woke him up. He blinked and opened his eyes. Al was looking out of the window. It was just getting light.

"We've been robbed," Al moaned.

Harry rolled out of bed and went to the window. With a shaking hand Al pointed at the car. The tyres, covers and innertubes had gone. The jalopy stood on the wheel rims.

# LAST-MINUTE ENTRY.

**THE Delmor Golf Course** was magnificently sited.

The luxurious clubhouse stood on a headland above the sea, and the first nine holes ran roughly parallel with the ocean.

"Get the trooper, quick. We've got to stop this somehow. It's murder."

Paddy Burke vanished on the run. Dick pulled the heavy Colt from his belt and pushed into the crowd.

"Let him go," he shouted.

"You can't do this. Give the man fair play, can't you?"

"This is his idea of fair play," roared someone. "It's Californian law—lynch law. It's what he likes."

The force of Dick's rush carried him to where Steve stood, shaking like a leaf in the grip of two powerful men. They let him go when they saw the muzzle of the big Colt. He fell to the ground, but Dick kicked him to his feet again.

"Against the wall," he cried.

"Get to the wall, can't you?"

The Yank tottered back to the wall of the saloon, and Dick stood in front of him, eyeing the menacing crowd, the barrel of the Colt moving from side to side.

"Keep your distance," he said.

"Stand back, you cowardly hounds. I've got six shots here for whoever wants them."

A mob is cowardly as well as cruel. One determined man can often hold a multitude at bay for a time. The muzzle of that Colt .45 held them mesmerised.

Suddenly, with a thunder of hoofs, aid arrived. Walters, mounted on a big police charger, a drawn sabre in his hand, galloped up.

"Out of the way, there!" he yelled.

There are few things more frightening than a mounted trooper waving a sword. The

On the first morning of a P.G.A. Western championship, crowds of players and spectators milled around the clubhouse and the marquees beside it.

Eighty players were in the draw for the first round.

It was a match-play competition, which meant it was played on knock-out principles.

The matches in the early rounds and the semi-finals were decided over eighteen holes. Only the final went to thirty-six holes.

Half an hour before his match was due to start, a Californian golfer named Lee Fuller stalked towards the tournament manager's office.

Fuller was a tall, wiry fellow with sharp features and a bronzed complexion. Though he was not the home professional at Delmar, he had played over the course on a great many occasions.

"Say, my opponent hasn't arrived," he snapped as he reached the open doorway. "He wasn't here yesterday for practice so I guessed he must have scratched—"

"No, here he is, Harry Vale!" exclaimed the tournament manager.

Harry and Al, looking dusty

crowd melted, bolting like rabbits, the snorting horse crashed through them. Dick felt Steve slide to the ground. Standing in his stirrups, the trooper addressed the remainder of the mob.

"This man is my prisoner," he shouted. "His case will be investigated. Meantime, if anyone lays a hand on him, it will go hard with them."

Slowly the mob dispersed. Trooper Walters turned to Dick.

"That's a nice gun you've got. Would you have used it?"

"If I had to," said Dick.

"Just as well you didn't," he said, the trooper, grinning, as he examined the Colt. "Don't you know a revolver like this needs a percussion cap on every nipple?"

"I don't know anything about them," said Dick, shamefacedly. "I never used one."

"You'd better come down to my tent tomorrow and I'll show you how to handle a Colt. What's your name?"

"Dick Hardy."

"Hardy?" frowned Walters.

"Hardy? I met someone of that name a few weeks back. He resembled you a bit, too. Have you any relatives on the gold-fields?"

My brother Bob's in Australia somewhere," said Dick eagerly.

"That'll be the chap," said Walters. "I met him at a place called Woodend, and he told me he was on his way to Forest Creek."

—★—

**Dick Hardy lands in deadly danger next week. A tribe of blacks think he's a killer!**

and tired, were in the office. They had arrived in the nick of time to be included in the competition, after driving most of the night.

The day that should have been the worst of the trip. The tyres they had bought in Fernando had looked reasonably good, but the tubes were leaking and they had suffered puncture after puncture. Harry had lost count of them.

"I'll be on the first tee in time," Harry said to the Californian.

"Okay, bud," replied Fuller cheerfully. "I'd sooner play than get a bye."

Fuller went away smiling. It looked like being a practice round for him against an opponent who had never played over the course before. The same applied to Bill Titus, the Texas draw against Al.

The two late-comers went to ask the caddy master to fix them up with caddies.

"Cheer up, Al," encouraged Harry. "We haven't come all this blooming way to be kicked in the first round."

—★—

**Next week, Harry climbs down a cliff, then goes for a swim to make sure of winning a hole!**



(Continued from page 16.)

"Yeah, and that's a private coach," added Al. "It's the way he always travels on long-distance trips."

"Must cost him a packet!" Harry exclaimed, putting the car into gear.

The light faded quickly. Since setting out at the crack of dawn, Harry and Al had covered 300 miles. They were dog-tired and hungry.

The car lamps were none too good, so, when the two golfers reached a little place called Fernando, they decided to stop there for the night.

The "Rising Sun" Hotel was sinking on its foundations. It was a clapboard structure



3—Gently, Private Phil Brown, the snake's intended victim, was raised on to a comrade's shoulders. Brown was still too groggy to walk, but Lieutenant Keene could not afford to waste a minute. With Mtala, the Masai tracker, in the lead, the patrol forged on through the African jungle. The year was 1879, and Britain was at war with the Zulus. Cut off from the rest of the British forces, Bill Keene and his eleven men planned to end the war — by capturing Cetewayo, King of the Zulus!



5—Leaving the ten soldiers behind, Keene and Mtala made their way through the grass towards the anthill. A few days earlier, the patrol had beaten off an attack by a Zulu war-party. Since then, however, they had not seen one Zulu warrior. But Keene was due for a nasty surprise. Three pairs of eyes watched Bill and Mtala, and three hands gripped spears tighter. A small Zulu scouting party had found its prey! Silently, the three Zulu hunters stalked their human quarry, eager for the kill.



7—At last, both men reached the summit of the strange lookout. On top of the anthill, Bill and Mtala were exposed to the full glare of the sun. Shading his eyes, Lieutenant Keene studied the dry landscape, shimmering with a heat-haze. "I can't see any sign of a river," frowned the young officer. "Perhaps we've made a mistake, or —" "Quiet, Bwana," Mtala suddenly whispered urgently. The Masai had tensed in a listening attitude, then he turned towards Bill. "Somebody come!" he muttered

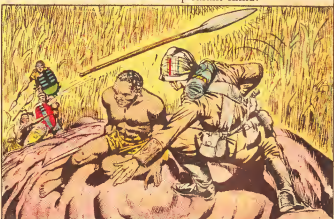
Bill Keene and Mtala send an army against the Zulus next Tuesday—an army of ants!



4—With their once-scarlet uniforms dyed khaki, Keene's men were following a captured Zulu map, which would lead them to King Cetewayo. Next day, the patrol left the fringe of the jungle, and struck out into head-high elephant grass. "According to the map, we should come to a river soon," Bill said to Mtala. "But how can we see ahead in this long grass?" The tall native pointed to a strangely-shaped mound of soil that showed through the grass nearby. "We use anthill, Bwana," he grinned.



6—Unaware that they were being watched, Bill Keene and the native tracker had reached the anthill. "It looks high enough," mused the Lieutenant, gazing up at the tower of reddish-brown soil, "but is it safe to climb?" Mtala nodded. "We take great care, Bwana," warned the Masai. "If we break through, them ants go eat us!" Very cautiously, gripping with his knees, the native began to swarm up the anthill. Taking a deep breath, Bill Keene followed the tracker. It was not a pleasant climb!



8—Mtala's warning came just in time. At that instant, both men saw a flicker of light from the grass below—then a Zulu spear hurtled towards them as they flattened themselves against the anthill. With a hiss, the spear missed by inches. Looking down, Bill Keene saw the three Zulus clearly now. Jabbering excitedly, the tall black men were obviously deciding how to deal with their victims. Frantically, the British officer tried to think of an escape plan—but it seemed hopeless. Bill and Mtala were trapped!